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THE WOODEN BARRACKS WAR—AND OTHERS.

AMONG the many fancy titles which have been given by the severe Muse of History (who is not, after all, so very severe) to events, the "Wooden Barracks War," or at least the wooden barracks panic, may perhaps take a place beside the Ladies' Peace, the Potato War, and the rest. Hutting being a comparatively modern invention, the tent and the permanent barrack or fortress have hitherto almost alone attracted the notice of the public as abodes for soldiers. But great part of the news (as often false as true, but sometimes true) which has been convulsing Europe for the last two months and more has had to do with wooden barracks. Within this very week it has been announced that people are running away from Galicia because the Austrians are building wooden cavalry barracks by the side of the railways; while the exceedingly definite statement comes from Germany that exactly between the 13th and the 19th of last month precisely two hundred and forty-one truck-loads of planks were imported into France at a given point. M. DE BLOWITZ, indeed, knows that these planks are intended for fencing the grounds at the forthcoming Paris Exhibition, or for making litters to carry off the wounded when the Eiffel Tower is blown down, or for something else pacific of that kind. But everybody is not so well informed, or so brave, or so cool as M. DE BLOWITZ; and Europe persists in still being disturbed. Even Italy—the interference of which in any probable quarrel might seem the least probable of not impossible events—is contributing to the general disquietude by the length of her Ministerial crisis. There are those who hold that France is negotiating to detach her from that good understanding with Austria and Germany which has long and wisely governed her policy; and, if it be replied that it is impossible for any respectable Italian statesman to consider seriously a *rapprochement* with France (which has been an anything but friendly neighbour for some time, and which was a very costly friend during the period of her friendship) the answer is obvious, of course. It is difficult to persuade any respectable Italian statesman to take such a line, and that is the reason of the length of the crisis.

The truth is that, when a large community, plentifully furnished with newspapers, once gets into such a state of political nervousness as that from which Europe has been suffering for some time past, it is very hard indeed to discover, and harder still to apply, any effectual sedative. Certainly the colourless speech from the German Throne can hardly prove such. If the German elections had turned out to be a defeat for the Government, it would have been argued that Prince BISMARCK's only chance of getting his way was a war; and now that the German elections have turned out in favour of the Government, it is argued that Prince BISMARCK will be so encouraged that he will show less consideration for the CZAR, and so goad that irresponsible autocrat into doing something desperate. If the French had been vociferous, we should have been threatened with another explosion, as in 1870; and as the French have not been vociferous, we are threatened with secret preparations or with "drifting" or with something equally treacherous. Again, the truth is that the recent excitement, and the sense—a true and well-founded sense—that there is between Germany and France a quarrel never to be compounded while Germany holds French soil, make it certain that the excitement itself will not soon calm down.

Most people know the story of the sham alarm of fire which was kept up notwithstanding repeated false indication of the locality of the supposed burning house. But, if in the town which was the victim of that not unfamous and, as it is said, historical hoax there had really been half a dozen depôts of combustibles which were known to the inhabitants in general to be likely to catch fire at any moment, and if it had been further known that one of the owners of these houses was quite likely to set it ablaze in a fit of temper, another to obtain the insurance money, and a third in the hope of picking up some goods which neighbours of his had purloined during the scramble, it would have been still harder to quiet the multitude.

It is generally thought by all persons who have considered the subject with competent information, and generally said by those of them who have not received retainers from Russia, that it is in that country that the greatest danger of an explosion lies. And it is so thought, not because those who think it believe in any specially diabolic disposition on the part of Russians, but because they know that Russia is very strong, has her strength very ill organized, is under the control of a ruler of exceptional unfitness for government, and suffers from internal complaints, which both as irritants and by inducing a desire to counterwork them, may especially incline her to break the peace. And it may be added that such affairs as the Silistria mutiny, the Russian origin of which is not doubted by any person who unites honesty with sanity, are not suited to calm apprehensions. The conduct of Russia in instigating such affairs as those of Silistria and Rustchuk needs, of course, no description. Indeed, what is to be added to the description necessitated by the abduction of the Prince? Much of the truth is put effectively in the current number of the *Fortnightly Review*, though the writer seems distinctly to undervalue the strength of Germany, and still more that of Austria, as well as (looking from the point of view of mere diplomacy, instead of from that of military history and science as well) to ignore the almost unequalled opportunities for flank action which both Powers have against their neighbour if she in their despite makes for Constantinople. His undoubtedly well-founded belief in the distance of a Balkan Confederation, if a Balkan Confederation is possible at all, contrasts strangely with his unhesitating acceptance of the tremendous paper figures of the Russian army. However, on the European side the *Fortnightly Reviewer* is worthy of much attention. It is all the more necessary to warn unwary readers against the untrustworthiness of his remarks in reference to the relative positions of Russia and England in Asia, and the inferences which have been, or might be, drawn as to the importance of Russian action to us. It is no secret that these articles represent the opinions of a person probably as deeply concerned as any one not a Cabinet Minister in the scuttling policy adopted by Mr. GLADSTONE in Afghanistan. The writer is, therefore, no doubt unconsciously, pledged beforehand to make out that the do-nothing conduct of the Government of 1880-1885, while Russia was annihilating the last barriers between her and the Afghan frontier, has not done such very great harm. He gives indeed, with great frankness, the paper plans by which, according to Continental critics (*not* Russian) a Russian army could almost "walk over." But this is a manoeuvre which even to a less intelligent disputant would be pretty obvious. It is all the easier, after giving these exaggerated estimates of the easiness of the task, to leave the reader with the impression that it is

not so much difficult as impossible: and the writer, who is no doubt more or less acquainted with the plans of the Indian Staff and Intelligence Department (plans perhaps a little too widely known) for counteracting a Russian attack, is able, if not to pooh-pooh such an attack, at any rate to take an optimistic tone in regard to it. But what he does not and cannot disprove is the fact that, but for the policy which begot and maintained the indolent and ignorant sneers about Mervousness, Russia would have had before her not a difficult, but a really impossible, task. He can denounce, and he denounces quite properly, the abandonment of Port Hamilton; but what was the abandonment to China of Port Hamilton, which, under existing arrangements, a gunboat can re-occupy, at almost any time, to the abandonment to Russia of the vast territories, the warlike and numerous tribes, the deserts (impassable till, being actually in Russian possession, they were spanned with railways) of Independent Turkestan? He is right about the reduction of the artillery, right about the New Hebrides, right, as we say, about Port Hamilton. But all these things are trifles compared with the long course of surrender and of throwing away one advantage after another, which was only diversified ("for one thing that he "did we would not take"—the political life of the statesman usually supposed to have been, though in a subordinate position, responsible for the diversion) by the occupation of Egypt. We are able to speak here with perfect openness, because on all these minor points we have expostulated with the present Government. But it is impossible to admit that the present Government has been guilty of anything at all like the perpetual series of *laches* and of *lâcheté* which brought Russia from the shores of the Caspian to the banks of the Murghab, and which has made it possible for her, within a few weeks of any fit of irresponsibility which may come upon ALEXANDER III., to set a match with us on something like equal terms for our Indian Empire.

A WOMEN'S LIBERAL FEDERATION.

IT would be discourteous, as it is unnecessary, to question Mrs. GLADSTONE's judgment in presiding at a meeting held to promote a Women's Liberal Federation. No one else has so good a reason for encouraging by every means in her power the devotion of zealous partisans, male or female, to any cause which may from time to time be adopted by the authorized interpreter of the current Liberal creed. Some or all of the other ladies who took part in the proceedings were apparently bent rather on asserting the rights of women than in advocating any other political doctrine. They would unanimously repudiate any moral or practical obligation to vote under the influence of the men of their respective families. Their President, for her part, wisely and honestly disclaimed the character of a politician. No woman need be ashamed of admitting that her public action is determined by exclusively private motives. The strong-minded section of the Women's Suffrage Association and of similar bodies desires to assert feminine independence; but, if the experiment is tried, it may perhaps appear that the majority of women will follow in politics, as in other matters, their natural guides. Domestic happiness would not be promoted by the disclosure of habitual antagonism among the heads of ordinary families. On the other hand, there is no reason why the constitutional power of a married voter should be doubled or quadrupled by the added voices of his wife and his daughters. The compromise by which only female ratepayers would be enfranchised is evidently not intended to be permanent. The experiment has for some time past been tried in municipal elections without any definite result. Probably the importance of the whole controversy is exaggerated both by the supporters and the opponents of the rights of women.

The Liberal Federation or Association of Women, as far as its objects correspond with its title, is a tribute to the success of the Primrose League. Time will show whether such an organization is capable of thriving without the advantages which are derived from social station. Women of the upper and middle class, as well as those who are connected with the aristocracy, share the almost unanimous preference of their husbands and their kindred for Conservative policy. Their earnestness is not impaired by any doubt as to the excellence of their cause; and it is believed that their zeal and ability have exercised a measurable influence on some recent elections. It would

be unreasonable to complain of any attempt of the opposite party to counteract or to imitate the methods which have commanded a certain amount of success; but the first inventor of a process, though he may not be entitled to a patent, generally secures a start in advance of his less original competitors. It oddly happens that the would-be rivals of the Primrose League have hitherto failed in the apparently easy enterprise of selecting a flower to serve as a distinctive badge. The fiction that Lord BEACONSFIELD, whose tastes were of more gorgeous character, had nevertheless a special affection for primroses was suggested by the accident that the flower, being then in season, was profusely employed as a decoration at his funeral. It might have been supposed that as good an excuse might have been found for associating Mr. GLADSTONE's name with that of some favourite flower; but up to the present time the Conservative symbol has retained, not only a preference, but a monopoly. In a distant age the red rose and the white were more equally matched.

While women of political propensities are still waiting for the acquisition of the franchise, the feminine form of Liberalism is not inaccurately represented by such sympathizers as Professor STUART. No crotchet is too fantastic to attract the sympathy of an academic politician. It was proper and natural that Mr. STUART should associate himself with a movement for the substitution of sentiment for calculation as a motive power in the conduct of public affairs. No Liberal zealot more uniformly prefers phrases and fancies to considerations of expediency. He is perhaps justified in his apparent belief that female Liberals would generally incline to extreme opinions. Many of them would, like Mr. STUART, be enthusiastic followers of Mr. GLADSTONE on personal grounds; and their fidelity to the party would be unshaken by hesitation or doubt. The doctrines in which the Federation of Liberal Women would take a special interest are already held by their representative. Those who consider Mr. STUART a model member of Parliament are perfectly consistent in appealing to the most impulsive portion of the community. It is true that the managers of the Primrose League are equally positive and single-minded in the maintenance of the principles which they undertake to propagate; but Conservative opinions, even if they were not intrinsically sound, are less dangerous than revolutionary agitations. Neither the League nor the Federation which has replied to its challenge is likely to become seriously formidable; but it will be interesting to watch the exertions of the newer institution to emulate the popularity of the Conservative organization.

Political clubs of graver character than any which consist wholly or principally of women are curious and not wholly admirable results of party government. A Liberal Caucus or a Conservative Association is a contrivance for obtaining the power which depends on discipline. The rank and file are virtually pledged to obey the orders of the chiefs in contingencies which are often not anticipated beforehand. In this respect also Conservative bodies, whether or not they wear a primrose badge, have a moral superiority to their antagonists. The defence of what exists is a more definite and more intelligible object than the promotion of any measures which may be at any future time proposed by the managers of a party. The most extreme and most pernicious instance of the exaction of passive obedience was the profligate transaction of last year. The Caucus and the Clubs were one day devoted to the maintenance of the Union. On the morrow they resolved, without a single local exception, to follow Mr. GLADSTONE in his submission to Mr. PARNELL. If the Federation of Women had then existed, it would undoubtedly have shared the renunciation of the convictions which it would have up to that time maintained. It would have been comparatively difficult to convert an unorganized constituency, as the phrase is, by squads and platoons. The metaphor, in fact, is so far inapplicable that it assumes the previous existence of rudimentary discipline. The Federation of Women has, perhaps unwittingly, bound itself, like novices in an Irish secret society, to concur in proceedings of which its members have at present no knowledge. The Primrose League has good reason to know that it will not be led into any startling innovation.

Although agitation for the political enfranchisement of women is not unknown in the United States, it is not known that the women who take part in the movement have combined to form separate Associations of their own. In one or two of the Territories women already possess the suffrage, but they have hitherto not been admitted

as voters in any of the States. If they should hereafter succeed in establishing their rights, the managers of elections will be equal to the occasion; and the new voters will find themselves, like their male colleagues, helpless in the confusion of primary Assemblies and of nominating Conventions. The English Caucuses will exert their ingenuity for a similar purpose; and the female leaders of the movement will perhaps find themselves superseded in favour of more experienced manipulators of votes. The heads of the Primrose League probably prefer the exercise of personal influence over relatives and friends to the acquisition of votes of their own. If the suffrage were forced upon them, they would always vote with their party; and in the meantime they take a genuine pleasure in more or less effective canvassing. Among their own class, and perhaps outside of its limits, they are secure against the mortification of a discourteous rebuff. If the new Federation cares for the patronage of ornamental agitators, there will be no difficulty in enlisting the services of a few enthusiasts of rank. The combination of exclusive pretension or position with democratic extravagance is not uncommon, though it may be theoretically paradoxical. Some ultra-Liberal ladies of quality deliberately contrive to make the best of both worlds, and a larger number feel inclined to compound for the enjoyment of fortune and privilege at the price of holding or professing revolutionary opinions. Among women as among men the number of zealous Liberals in the higher ranks of society is rapidly dwindling; but it is not desirable that the class should become extinct. As the late meeting showed, ladies of high character condescend to aid in the organization of female clubs which may directly or indirectly strengthen the party to which they happen to be attached. They have as good a right as any dignitary of the Primrose League to use their influence for the political benefit of their families and friends. It is too late to complain of the interference of women in party controversies, and their increased activity will not greatly alarm those who unwillingly become their opponents. The female Federation, if it is disposed to accept friendly advice, will confine itself to its proper functions, instead of deviating, like some of the speakers at the meeting, into the controversy on female suffrage. Strange as it may seem, the cause of woman's rights has some powerful supporters in the Conservative ranks.

A LOYAL OPPOSITION.

THE principal interest of the debate on the New Rules of Procedure centres in the attitude and action of the Gladstonian Opposition. Almost all the amendments to the First Rule have been moved from the Irish quarter, and the earlier ones were of such a nature as not even the most robust consciences on the front Opposition Bench would allow their owners to support. Mr. SEXTON's amendment, for instance, to the effect that the Closure should apply only to the first and second orders of the day was so manifest an expression of the straightforwardly obstructive principle of allowing as few debates to be closed as possible, that the Gladstonians had scarcely any choice but to absent themselves from the division. The next amendment on the paper, however, afforded them an opportunity for showing how near the wind of factious opposition they could sail. Mr. PARNELL proposed to amend the Rule by providing that the Closure should not be applied to any question "until an opportunity had been afforded for debate thereon." This proposal, every legitimate end of which would, it was already known, be attained by the modification which the Government had already signified their intention of introducing into the Rule, was debated at wholly unnecessary length; and it was actually supported towards the close of this quite superfluous discussion by no less a person than the leader of the Opposition himself. It is difficult to believe that Mr. GLADSTONE was really "unable to understand why the Government found it their duty to oppose this amendment," or that he really expected to persuade the House that Mr. PARNELL was not insisting on a discussion of every conceivable question that could be raised, but was merely asking for "a reasonable pause before the question was put, in case an hon. member wished to discuss the question before the House." It is too clear that the adoption of Mr. PARNELL's proposal would, as Mr. STANHOPE said, have amounted to a direction to the SPEAKER that on "every line or even on every word

"of every Bill brought forward, and on every amendment "of whatever nature, to every item of Supply discussion "should be allowed." Obviously sound, however, as this interpretation is, and transparent, therefore, as were the motives with which the amendment had been introduced, the Gladstonians found their leader's hint sufficient, and in the division that followed they sent some hundred of their number to swell the Parnellite minority.

What followed, however, was more significant still. It is wholly unnecessary to characterize the next amendment—that by which Mr. PARNELL sought to prohibit the application of the rule of Closure to any motion "if an amendment had been moved thereto." We apprehend that there is not a single member in the House who was not perfectly well aware of what the intention of this proposal was, and who did not know that, if the Government had been short-sighted enough to accept it, the Parnellites would simply have defeated, or, at any rate, have fatally impeded, the operation of Rule I. by continuous multiplication of amendments. Yet the minority which divided in favour of this proposal by no means exclusively consisted of the Parnellites and the half-dozen reprobate Radicals (for their number is no larger) who habitually support the Obstructionists. On the contrary, it was swelled by at least something like thirty votes recorded by Liberal members who presumably have political characters to lose. The value of Liberal professions of zeal in the cause of Procedure Reform may be tested by the fact that Mr. PARNELL was able to lead 116 supporters into the lobby to abet so flagrant an attempt at the nullification of the most important and valuable provision in the New Code. We are not aware whether he succeeded in actually enlisting recruits on this occasion from the front Opposition bench. Perhaps not; but Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT came to the rescue later on when he backed up Mr. PARNELL in the preposterous contention that the Ministerial amendment to the First Rule had taken the House by surprise. The precise terms of the amendment had been communicated to the House hours before by Mr. BALFOUR, and its intended purport had been matter of common knowledge, not for hours, but for days. Even with this amount of notice, however, Mr. SMITH did not propose to press its immediate discussion. He stated that, after reading it, he would, in consideration of the lateness of the hour, move the adjournment of the debate, in order that the amendment might be taken as the first business on the following day (Wednesday) at the usual hour. His notice for adjournment was, however, anticipated by Mr. PARNELL, who urged, with his well-known air of disinterested concern for the progress of public business, that, "as there were only eleven and a half hours to "the hour of meeting on Wednesday" (not such a bad night's rest one would think) it was better to defer the debate on the amendment until the following Friday. In the discussion which followed on the motion to fix this day for the resumption of the debate, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT had the unhappy courage to say that, "although he could not support the motion of the hon. member for Cork, at the same time he protested against the Government springing "what was practically a new Rule on the House." "It would," he added, "be inconvenient"—though why, he did not vouchsafe to inform us—"to start to-morrow with a debate "on this new Rule." The Leader of the Opposition being thus allowed to speak in favour of a motion which he "could not support," there is little wonder that a contingent of his followers should have found themselves able to support it without speaking for it; and again, therefore, was the Parnellite minority swelled, on a purely dilatory motion, by Liberal votes.

The long and disorderly resistance to the Irish Constabulary vote on Thursday night resulted in the party of anarchy mustering as many as 121 votes against the maintenance of the law in Ireland. We do not care to inquire—indeed we can easily guess—the names of the Liberal rank and file who were the probable contributors to the number of this minority. Such names as ILLINGWORTH, STUART, and, we fear, we must now add COLERIDGE, tell their own tale; and, as these appear among the opponents of the vote in debate, we may assume that the owners of the names upheld their expressed opinions by their presence in the division lobby. Here, again, it is on the front Opposition bench and its occupants that public attention may properly centre; indeed, it is here more than anywhere that the action of men who have themselves been so lately responsible for the preservation of order in Ireland deserves its severest scrutiny. We do not find from the report that

during all the long hours which elapsed between the introduction of the Constabulary vote and the assent of the House to it, at almost two o'clock in the morning, the debate was honoured by any contribution from any single Liberal member of official rank. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's high-minded reserve on this subject is, perhaps, intelligible. His letter to the *Times* of the same morning may be taken, no doubt, as an indication of the course which he meant to pursue in the House at night. When a public man in his position is prepared to put forward a demand of instant "remedial" legislation for a country in which law cannot be said to exist at all, and when he bases that demand on a few garbled extracts from a report, the authors of which proclaim as distinctly as possible their conviction that no amendments of agrarian or other enactments will be of any avail in Ireland until lawlessness is suppressed and authority is restored—when a public man, we say, in the position of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT is ready to go these lengths in a newspaper controversy under his own name, there is not much which he need stick at in the House of Commons. One might have thought that the whilom Minister who steered the Crimes Act through the House of Commons would have shrunk from quite so daring an advertisement of political profligacy; but this form of profligacy much resembles its counterpart in the sphere of morals in its tendency to beget that sort of cynicism which finds glory in shame. At Sir WILLIAM's side, however, sit colleagues who have been recently concerned more than he in the administration of law in Ireland—Mr. MORLEY, to wit, and Mr. CAMPBELL BANNERMAN. Do they deem it consistent, we will not say with the duties of a loyal and patriotic Opposition, but with the bare obligations of men who have been Ministers of the Crown, to sit by and tacitly countenance the attempts of a lawless minority to render the execution of law impossible? This is no issue of disputed policy; the sophistry of the pretence that it is will not deceive the simplest mind in the country. The question for men in their position, and with the responsibilities attaching to it, is not whether future legislation for Ireland ought to originate in an Imperial or in a local Parliament, but whether the authority of the Executive or the resistance of the rebel should prevail in Ireland. That, and no other than that, is the question raised when the Irish Constabulary vote is opposed on Friday night, and we want to know what the occupants of the front bench have to say in defence of the attitude which they assumed towards it.

PAINTER v. ART-CRITIC.

THE ways of art-critics—especially some art-critics—are wonderful. It is not for nothing that they are bullied by Mr. BRETT and worried and flouted by Mr. WHISTLER. It is written, indeed, that they shall never open their mouths without committing themselves to something monstrous and strange. Are they technical? Then does the painter wag his head and wonder. Are they not technical, but merely imaginative? Then does the painter wag his head and wonder still more. It is recorded of TURNER that he read Mr. RUSKIN's analysis of his motives in certain pictures with the amazement of one who, for the first time, fails to understand himself:—who found his interpreter one too many, and declined to believe in the new existence—literary, philosophic, charged with ambitions and ideals—revealed to him. The case is typical. Unless the art-critic is an artist, he must inevitably come to grief. *Et encore!* Even then he is not safe. Few or none have written so well about pictures as the painter of *Les Maitres d'Autrefois*, and there are not wanting those who declare that in his analysis of the "Ronde de Nuit" FROMENTIN himself was no more than a representative art-critic. It has been hinted, indeed, that the axiom "to err is human" must have been formulated in a moment of peculiar inspiration with special reference to the art-critic. He (it is said) will go on blundering when humanity at large has developed into a condition of impeccability, and only the fact that he is suffered to exist will remain to show that once upon a time the race were capable of error.

The latest instance of this deplorable form of Original Sin is furnished by the art-critic of a contemporary. Reviewing (some months after publication, it is true) Mr. JOHN COLLIER's *Manual of Oil-Painting*, a writer in the *Spectator* was moved to discover and declare that the

method advocated by his author was exactly the reverse of what he, the critic, opined to be the right one. The charge is serious in itself, and was, withal, so seriously made as to be the cause of much seriousness in others. Hitherto (it was thought) Mr. COLLIER had proved his mastery in a score of canvases; and now he was demonstrated to be no better than a common Royal Academician! It is said that he has studied in France—that, indeed, he has been a pupil of M. CAROLUS-DURAN himself; but, if this tale be true, what are the advantages of a Parisian training? and what sort of a master is this whose students are so poorly taught that they can be set right by an ordinary literary man? These horrible misgivings—which we take to be quite natural—lasted a whole week. In the *Spectator* of one Saturday they were started; and it was not until the Saturday after that they could be dispelled. Then, however, Mr. COLLIER replied to his critic's charges, and took occasion, in the course of his letter, to show that his argument had been misstated, and that what he really recommended was the method described specifically as the one he neither practised nor approved. The thoughtful breathed again; and from Mr. COLLIER's admirers there was heard as it were a sound of revelry. But the writer in the *Spectator* was equal to the occasion. Not at his hands will the reputation or the interests of the guild to which he belongs encounter injury. He instantly rushed in where most journalists would have feared to tread, and did his best to show that Mr. COLLIER knew nothing about painting in general, and so little about his own in particular as to be altogether ignorant of the way in which his pictures are produced, and no more capable of expressing himself to any purpose in words than his pupils would be in pigments. It was a gallant venture, and deserved to succeed. But it was hopeless from the first; and a week afterwards Mr. COLLIER (who has evidently no sympathy with theory, however daring, or imagination, however injudiciously exercised) returned to the charge, and demonstrated to admiration the fact that he had always known what he had wanted to say, and had said it; and that, while he was "quite convinced" that his critic's "misrepresentation is unintentional," it was none the less a fact that "I certainly have been misrepresented, and rather seriously." As the writer in the *Spectator*, who is known to lack neither fluency nor self-confidence, has, so far, made no rejoinder, it seems safe to assume that, even to his satisfaction, Mr. COLLIER has proved his case, and that no more will be heard of the matter.

As we have noted, the art-critic is so constituted that it comes natural to him to be mistaken. As a rule, however, he exercises his peculiar function upon, not books, but pictures—upon ideas expressed in paint, and not upon statements in the medium with which himself is best acquainted. The interest of the debate referred to consists in the fact that the critic in the *Spectator* has made a new departure, and has misunderstood and misrepresented a piece of writing as completely as if it had been a piece of painting. It may have been that he was so full of information that he could take in no more; it may have been that he had made up his mind in advance that Mr. COLLIER must of necessity be wrong in theory as well as practice. Certain it is that he read his author all wrong, and then proceeded to correct him, advancing as his own the very theory he had misread. Like TOM THUMB, in fact, "he made the giants first, and then he killed them." Thus, too, do little boys build up a guy, and burn him afterwards. There is this difference, however; that they know their guy for what he is, while the *Spectator* critic does not. As for the moral of the business, it has to be admitted that this time the controversy has ended to the critic's disadvantage. But it is obvious that, in print as in paint, the artist is inevitably the art-critic's victim. Misconception is his portion, whatever his medium of expression; and he can neither recognize the fact too soon nor disregard it too completely.

ROBBERY BILLS.

NOTWITHSTANDING the partial reaction which has followed the schism in the Liberal party, the rights of property are threatened in many quarters with alarming pertinacity. The notices of motion in the House of Commons include proposed Bills or Resolutions which, if they were accepted, would both inflict cruel wrong on owners and constitute precedents for indiscriminate

spoliation. In some cases the object of the proposers is not so much to confer benefits on any class of the community as to gratify feelings of envy by the injury of property. One of the most audacious specimens of predatory legislation is a Bill for destroying at a single blow one valuable right which is, for the most part, attached to the possession of land. A private member asks for leave to introduce a Bill for throwing open to the whole population of Scotland the fisheries which have from time immemorial belonged to riparian owners. If the Bill were passed, poaching would, like treason, no longer be called poaching, because it would be universally legalized. For the purpose of facilitating intrusion, public rights of way would be established on the banks of every stream; and, apparently, no compensation would be given for the deprivation of the right of fishing, or for the damage which might be suffered by the occupier of the land. The proposer would confer no advantage on the new comers who are to supersede the rightful owner. It is evident that all fish of any value would be soon exterminated by indiscriminate persecution. The partial extirpation of hares in consequence of the Ground Game Act is sometimes defended on the ground of the relief supposed to be afforded to the farmer; but the privilege of destroying ground game was, at least nominally, confined to the occupier, who had in some instances really suffered a grievance. Fish are not in the habit of trampling on corn or of nibbling at turnips and mangold.

The destruction of any species of fish would deprive the present possessor of a fishery of a valuable right, and after a few seasons it would leave nothing for residents or strangers. It is true that an exception is made in favour of salmon, probably because the fisheries at the mouths of rivers, which have a commercial value, would be ruined if the breeding-grounds were cleared of fish. The protection would be illusory, because it would be impossible to prevent a licensed mob of anglers from catching salmon. It is doubtful whether trout, as belonging to the same genus, are even ostensibly to receive protection. Some members of Parliament evidently hold with the Jacobin judge of the old story, that those who have acquired or inherited property have probably held it long enough, and that it is now the turn of others. Mr. GLADSTONE has taught his disciples that there is no fundamental law. The ancient boast that in this country liberty and property were inalienable rights seems to be no longer well founded. The indifference with which other classes of owners regard measures of confiscation directed against their neighbours is a remarkable proof of careless dulness. Landowners, at the very moment when their own security is assailed from many quarters, encourage attacks on rights in which they have no special interest. A member of the Conservative Cabinet lately informed a deputation that, if the vested rights of railway Companies conflicted with the public interest, the less considerable party must give way. Irish agitators apply the same principles or theories to the struggle between comparatively few landlords and many times their number of tenants. The language of the Minister is more surprising than the clamour of demagogues, because he and the class to which he belongs have something to lose. Lord STANLEY's Railway Rates Bill expressly adopts the principle of judicial rents. The Parliamentary compact by which the Companies hold their property is at least equally valid with any title to the possession of land.

For some reason, which may perhaps depend on political opinion, Scotland is for the moment more communistic than England. While one Scotch member would only plunder owners of fisheries, another is prepared with a Bill for conferring on the whole country the blessings of Irish tenure of land. In 1870, and again in 1881, Mr. GLADSTONE was never tired of explaining that the legislation which he introduced could only be justified by the peculiar circumstances of Ireland. At that time Scotch farmers frequently taunted English tenants with their bad judgment, or bad fortune, in not holding their land under nineteen-year leases. It was supposed that the rent of land was regulated by the demand; and it was universally understood that the outgoing tenant had no claim to a renewal of his lease. The right of the lessor to the reversion was then a fundamental law in both divisions of Great Britain. It is now thought justifiable to enact that rent shall be fixed by a judicial tribunal, and that the fee-simple of the land shall, at the determination of a lease, be transferred without purchase to the occupier. In some proposals of the kind a nominal right of re-entry on his estate is reserved to the present owner. It is, of course, obvious that in the great

majority of cases he would have no motive for claiming the privilege of taking possession. Unless he is prepared to farm his own land, he can only relet it to the same or another tenant; and in all future transactions the right of free contract is abolished. No bargain as to rent or as to the conditions of cultivation is to be binding. The tribunal can at any time set aside the most formal agreement, and the tenant will be relieved from such covenants as the prohibition of ruining old pasture land by ploughing it up. The author of the latest Bill on this subject may, perhaps, be a member of Mr. ARTHUR ARNOLD's Free Land League. Freedom of land is henceforth to be maintained by minute and compulsory interference with every exercise of discretion by owner or occupier. It is true that the agitators will probably change their policy when they have robbed the landlord for the benefit of the tenant. The new proprietor will take care that no impediment is offered to the sale of his tenant-right in the dearest market. It may be hoped that English members will not be so utterly besotted as to withhold their support from threatened Scotch landowners. The Crofters were induced to agitate because their condition in some respects resembled that of the Irish tenants under the Act of 1881. The other occupiers of agricultural lands in other parts of the kingdom now claim a similar boon, because they, as well as the Crofters, are inhabitants of Scotland. There will be no difficulty in showing that what is good for Scotland is also expedient in England. Indeed, the Farmers' Alliance and the Free Land League pursue the same object in both parts of the country.

Mr. BROADHURST's plan for enabling lessees of houses to purchase the freehold against the will of the reversioner has reminded urban proprietors that they are not safer than rural owners. The much-abused landowner is to be plundered because, according to the theory of agrarian reformers, he is unable or unwilling to effect all the agricultural improvements which are required. The owner of ground-rents and the speculative builder are attacked on other pretences, and the tenure which is almost universal in London and in some other great towns is to be practically prohibited. There may possibly be disadvantages in building leases, but they have been generally adopted because they were found convenient by all persons concerned. The ground landlord and the contractor when they arranged their business to suit their own convenience have until lately not even suspected that their contracts would be overruled by strangers. One consequence of the proposed limitation will be that no large and well-considered building plans can be carried into effect. The enfranchised householder will, unlike the actual ground landlord, be allowed to do what he will with his own, and he may perhaps convert a house in Grosvenor Square or Belgrave Square into a shop or a factory. Legislative restriction of the powers of the present owners might perhaps be justifiable if it were needed for sanitary purposes, or even for the general promotion of public convenience; but the large owners of London house property have greater facilities for employing the best methods of construction than any small freeholders who might occupy their own houses. One unforeseen result of the system of building leases is that a large portion of London is pulled down and rebuilt once or more than once in a century. The continual change is not perhaps an unmixed advantage, but it renders possible the introduction of modern conveniences. During the last twenty or thirty years almost every house which has been rebuilt is superior in appearance and accommodation to the building which it has superseded. It is by no means to be assumed that existing tenures should be altered even for the sake of promoting material improvement. At present it would be premature to assume that the subdivision of the great London estates would produce any public benefit.

One inevitable result of the Bill, if it were passed in its original form, would be that owners would, against their will, be compelled to reduce the term of their leases. If an occupier whose lease has twenty years to run may at his pleasure acquire the freehold, houses will in future probably be let for nineteen years or for a shorter term. If the Act became then wholly inoperative, its advocates would probably demand more stringent legislation for the purposes of effecting their object. Laws are not so easily or so accurately adapted to varying circumstances as private contracts between interested parties. One of the advantages of the system of building leases which may be weighed against possible drawbacks is that it distributes the office of providing the necessary capital between the ground landlord and the builder. The ground-rents which are received by the owner have

hitherto been regarded as among the soundest of securities, nor would it be easy to point out any injury which they inflict on any person connected with the land or with the leasehold premises. It is true that the holder of ground rents is a mere capitalist, though his investment is not less legitimate than that of a fundholder or stockholder, or a partner in an industrial undertaking. The idlers whom Mr. GLADSTONE frequently denounces are those who possess any kind of property, real or personal. Many of them are, as it happens, among the most industrious of mankind; but as far as they derive their maintenance from accumulated savings, or from hereditary resources, they are obnoxious to the reproaches of the Socialists and of Mr. GLADSTONE. Every man who has ten pounds of his own in his pocket is to the extent of that sum an idle and privileged monopolist. To enjoy the same advantage on a more liberal scale is the main object of human activity in all civilized countries. Until the whole fabric of society is overturned no reasonable objection can be made to the existence of ground-rents. The enfranchised leaseholder of the possible future will possess an analogous property in his house, though it may perhaps be counterbalanced by a mortgage debt. The strangest circumstance connected with the Leasehold House Bill is that it has on its back the names of several Conservative members.

CHURCH PATRONAGE.

THE debates in the House of Lords on Monday and Thursday night were interesting in themselves, and were perhaps the best recent example among many good ones of the extraordinary superiority of the Upper House as a debating and legislating machine. With regard to the Church Patronage Bill, the speeches in which it was introduced by the Archbishop of CANTERBURY and opposed by Lord GRIMTHORPE were both excellent in their way, though the ways were very different. The ARCHBISHOP was, on the whole, moderate in putting the grievances and abuses which this Bill is supposed to be likely to abate. He did not indeed, and could not be expected to, state the whole truth simply. That truth is that the Bill is not so much intended to put an end to any actual abuse as to put an end to the grumbling against possible abuses, to deprive the enemy of an occasion of blaspheming, and to meet the popular clamour for what is called Church reform. The ARCHBISHOP very fairly confessed that probably not more than ten per cent. of the whole number of livings in the Church were, as a rule, appointed to under circumstances in which scandal could arise except as an accident. He would doubtless have been ready to admit, if he had been asked to do so, that in very much less than ten per cent. of this ten per cent. is any real scandal occasioned. His Bill does not pretend to meet the high-flying objection to the sale of livings altogether, or to satisfy the mob of wild curates who a short time ago took to invading auction-rooms, with a curious obliviscence of the fact that an uncharitable world could hardly mistake the real motive of this zeal (in a very literal sense) for the LORD's house. The person who would like to have one of the LORD's houses himself, and has no money to give for its attendant temporalities, is not exactly the best judge on the point whether these temporalities should be saleable. Some of the most objectionable points in the original Bill have been softened, especially in connexion with the maintenance of the tie between ownership of the land and control of the living, though even so the Bill is open to some objection. The ARCHBISHOP's contention that, if there is anything to be said against a man, some of his kind future parishioners are sure to take the trouble to say it, is plausible; though whether the encouragement thus offered to practices which Christianity denounces more strongly than any other religion—the practices of thinking evil and backbiting, of evil speaking and of rash judgment—is quite worthy of archiepiscopal sanction may be doubtful. But the case as presented was a fair case, and it was fairly supported by the Bishops of LONDON and PETERBOROUGH.

On the other hand, Lord GRIMTHORPE's onslaught was something more than a fair onslaught, though it was, perhaps, less damaging than Lord SALISBURY's subsequent candid examination. It had, indeed, something of the fault which Lord GRIMTHORPE shares with a still more distinguished legal ornament of the Upper House, Lord BRAMWELL—the fault of insisting too strongly on the letter of the law, and of a little too much audacity. A less dauntless but more astute champion than Lord

GRIMTHORPE would hardly have laid so much stress on the fact that it is perfectly legal to transfer a living five minutes before the incumbent's death; nor need he have gone out of his way to bestow characteristic compliments on the House of Laymen and other persons and bodies. He would have been stronger still had he urged boldly that the Bill began at the wrong end. But he was strong on the ground that the proposed parochial inquisition, with its right of objection but not of veto, would repel the best men, cause heart-burning and mischief generally, and, in even the best cases, lay the foundation of an anti-parson party in the parish. We can hardly conceive any one denying the existence of this latter danger, or doing more than assert that it is the least of two evils—a proposition which, considering the actual rarity of serious clerical scandals, we should not be disposed lightly to admit. But the strongest argument, though not that of which Lord GRIMTHORPE seemed fondest, is that, granted the disease, the Bill mistakes the remedy. The real scandal of the Church of England is, not the ease with which a bad parson can be put into a living, but the difficulty with which he can be got out. The ARCHBISHOP told a pathetic story of his own daily grief at having, with the best intentions and after all inquiries, given a living to the wrong man; and pleaded that, if he only could have had a kind of Lion's Mouth for the parishioners to drop delations into, he should have been saved this unwitting sin. We hardly think that, even in the circumstances, Dr. BENSON need get up on frosty mornings and scourge himself with little chains on the top of the Lollards' Tower before daylight. But surely a process of easily dispossessing would be much better than a process of troublesomely instituting. It is the consciousness that, if he avoids the commission or discovery of a very few flagrant offences, a man once appointed to a living may do practically what he likes, that leads not only to bad appointments, but to the deterioration of men who might make good servants of the Church if they had been under that moderate fear and sense of the necessity of good behaviour which is imposed more or less on every other profession. Lord GRIMTHORPE would have greater care exercised by the Bishop beforehand; it would be surely better to give the Bishop—with, if necessary, lay assessors, such as the Chancellors of other dioceses as well as his own, to "see fair"—more abundant powers of enforcing decent performance of work and a decent standard of living.

There is, however, another point at which Lord GRIMTHORPE hardly glanced, and in which, it may be, he does not feel great interest, but which is the source of our own lukewarm affection for Bills of this kind. They may be very excellent, they are certainly very well-intentioned, Bills in their way. But they seem to us to mistake in a rather fatal manner the character of the Church of England, and especially that part of the character of the Church of England which is best worth preserving. They all seem to aim at making that Church a kind of improved Dissenting sect, popular, democratic, emotional, a little Socialist—a Church, if not of Reverend JOSEPH PARKERS or of Reverend STEWART HEADLAMs, yet of certain well-intentioned reverend gentlemen whom it would be unkind to name. It is to be nearly as voluntary as Dissent, nearly as democratic as Socialism, nearly as impulsive and as free from cultivated high-and-dryness as the Salvation Army. The end is not an end that we like, and the means are not means which we think at all likely to be successful. The scheme of the Anglican Church is quite clear. It denies that Christianity means democracy, means enforced partition of goods, means equality, means anything of the kind. It reminds Socialists that the Apostle's very ground of condemnation of ANANIAS and SAPPHIRA was that they had a perfect right to retain their property or to give part of it, so that their lie was a perfectly gratuitous one. It reminds equalitarians that the hierarchy, the injunction of obedience to those set over, the injunction of charity which implied difference of rank and wealth, were from the first. It reminds the wild curates above referred to that the sin of SIMON MAGUS was in offering money not for temporalities, but for ordination; not for "A house, a glebe, a pound a day, A quiet "place to think and pray," but for spiritual powers and gifts. Of course the Archbishop of CANTERBURY has not forgotten all this. But his parochial objections and his tangle of preliminary declarations that the presentee and the presenter have not done this, and are not going to do that, do not bear token of the most vivid remembrance of the fact that Canterbury Cathedral is not the City Temple, and that

attempts to make it like the City Temple will spoil one without conciliating the other. No one can possibly be more sensible than we are of the real clerical scandal, which we hold to consist, not in a drunken or profligate priest here and there—there are not many, and they generally come to grief sooner or later—but in the almost entire incapacity of the bishops to do bishoping, to inspect the parson's economy of the "parson's freehold," and to see that whether he may have obtained temporalities for temporal considerations or not, he uses them with due regard to the spiritual purposes for which they were originally given. As Lord SALISBURY hinted adroitly enough, the present proposals seem rather calculated to limit than to extend the bishop's power. And it is because this Church Patronage Bill, though improved, though free from some objections, does not seem to us to provide for this, does seem to us to open the way to unnecessary interferences and bickerings, and is not, in our view, likely really to strengthen the Church for the day of battle, that we profess no great love for it.

IN THE POLICE COURTS.

THAT gay old baronet Sir ANDREW LUSK, whom we once likened to the foolish knight Sir ANDREW AGUECHEEK without properly observing the imperfect nature of the resemblance, has been once more waking the echoes of the Guildhall with the sprightliness of his irrepressible wit. The occasion did not seem promising, and a less determined joker might well have turned from it in despair. It is neither nice nor funny to work a lame pony, and such was the nature of the offence upon which Sir ANDREW LUSK had to adjudicate. Fortune, however, is kind to old offenders, and she decreed that the complainant and both the accused should be called SMITH. Police-constable CHARLES SMITH charged JAMES SMITH, a carman, and CHARLES SMITH, his master, with cruelty to animals. "They appear 'to be all SMITHS,'" said the worthy Alderman, like the Devil when, in ARTEMUS WARD's story, he receives a consignment of Englishmen. "Is the pony a SMITH too?" proceeded Sir ANDREW, and it really seems a pity that the beast should be unconscious of such an exquisite joke being made upon him. The circumstances of Irish politics, and the paucity of Irish names, have compelled the officials of the House of Commons to designate one of its members as "Mr. Alderman JOHN O'CONNOR." Mr. Police-constable CHARLES SMITH has similarly to be distinguished from the owner of the lame pony, who was avenged to the tune of ten shillings and costs, and humanely ordered, as Lord SHERBROOKE ordered the Trojan horse on a famous occasion, to be turned out to grass for the rest of its life. The Mr. CHARLES SMITH who is not a police-constable declared that he could not have meant to hurt the animal, because it was an "old family relic." "I thought it was a SMITH," retorted the incorrigible Sir ANDREW; and perhaps, after all, this was not so very bad. It is an abominable practice to work horses when they are only fit for grass or Heaven. But it would be a good thing if London magistrates had no worse offences to deal with. There has been a fresh epidemic of outrage in the streets, of which a typical case came before Mr. LUSHINGTON at the Thames Police Court the other day. An unfortunate sailor, staying at a well-known Sailors' Home, was attacked by four or five men at night, who pinioned him by the arms, tore his pocket out, stole his purse, and then knocked him down. As this performance is sufficient to constitute the crime of robbery with violence, the ruffians, if they are caught and identified, may be flogged. At present only one man is in the hands of the police; and, as he has been committed for trial, it would be improper to express a belief in his guilt.

Considering the ordinary relation of crime and punishment, the case of ELIZABETH EMERTON, otherwise SMITH, seems rather a hard one. "Fortune-tellers" are, no doubt, a rather disreputable set of people, who occupy an intermediate position between beggars and thieves. Begging they perhaps find unprofitable, and to steal they are afraid. Imprisonment, of which Mrs. EMERTON was awarded three weeks by Mr. BUSHBY, is apt to enhance the attractions of charlatans whom the law treats so seriously, and to encourage the belief of servant-girls in the black art. It is, moreover, open to very grave question whether the police ought to procure convictions by putting temptation in the way of suspected people. Of course there

is a great difference between resorting to the house of a woman whose general occupation is said to be fortune-telling in order to find out whether she really does make her livelihood in this way, and inviting a person under observation to do an illegal act by means of a bribe. But still the wife of a detective who applied to Mrs. EMERTON for information about the future sailed very near the wind. She made two statements to her victim, both of which were false to her own knowledge, describing herself as a single woman and a domestic servant. Tricks of this sort may be regarded by some moralists as little better than fortune-telling. They certainly do not tend to increase the popular respect for the dignity and fairness observed in the administration of the law. If fortune-telling of the silliest and most harmless kind is to be visited with three weeks' hard labour, a month of the same discipline is hardly sufficient for the shameful and cowardly assault which Mr. FREDERICK CHINE committed upon an unoffending barmaid. This ruffian, who was, of course, described in the charge-sheet as a "gentleman," struck the prosecutrix "a heavy blow in the face, blackening her eye" and causing her nose to bleed," because she refused to serve him with drink when he was already drunk. But Mr. CHINE has gone away in "the van which was sent for him by the QUEEN," and that is something. It was Mr. BARSTOW who sentenced CHINE. Mr. BUSHBY was much more severe, no doubt legitimately severe, upon GEORGE BRISTOWE, a French polisher, who struck his wife with a kettle. BRISTOWE was sent to gaol for six months with hard labour, and his wife, who presumably retains the kettle as the prize of victory, has been judicially separated from him by Mr. BUSHBY. It is satisfactory to find that, on the whole, the Metropolitan magistrates are dealing more vigorously with crimes of violence, and show themselves more keenly sensitive to the great danger of condoning them in a great city, protected by an insufficient force of police, than they did a year ago. There is still, however, a tendency towards excessive mildness in curbing excessive ferocity.

THE DISORDER AT ST. PAUL'S.

IT appears to be considered that the correct attitude to take in commenting on the ignoble brawl in St. Paul's is that commonly called cool and dignified. The journalists and the HOME SECRETARY, who respect themselves, will not lose their heads over so small an affair. The journalist expresses a hope that the Socialists will now at last see what an insignificant body they are, and comments with pleasure on the fact that the great majority of the congregation did not hoot, hiss, or cheer. The HOME SECRETARY has seen the newspaper reports, and they appear to him to contain "considerable exaggeration." He was able to add that, after an interview with the chiefs of the City Police, "who are not under my jurisdiction," he had no doubt that they would act vigorously in future. As no heads have been broken, no shop-windows smashed, no club in any way inconvenienced, the whole thing may be conveniently treated as of no importance. A French newspaper correspondent has said that during the riots of last year a policeman in Hyde Park looked at the roughs and observed that the best thing to be done was to treat these fellows with the contempt they deserved. Whether the ingenious Frenchman invented that philosophic policeman or not may be a question, but there is no doubt that at this moment the Home Office and the force are going very near to act on the principle he laid down.

Saving the reverence of so many dignified persons, it is a question whether this attitude is not rather imbecile. No serious damage was done on Sunday certainly, because there was a force at hand which the Socialists knew was capable of making very short work of them. But though there was not a riot there was a very unseemly scene in the church. It even appears that if the orderly majority of the congregation had not mingled with the Socialists and so accidentally broken them up, there would have been more and more scandalous interruptions. For our own part, we do not think it a matter of small importance that the good order of the church should be at the mercy of a handful of rowdies. The preface to the Church Service, which contains much admirable sense in admirable English, insists on the necessity of conducting worship in a due and seemly order. This quotation from St. PAUL, and the whole treatise in which it is to be found, are deserving the attention of the

HOME SECRETARY. It is true, no doubt, that the City Police are not under his jurisdiction. This is one of those Ministerial and Parliamentary truths which the heads of departments find so useful. But, though Mr. MATTHEWS has not the power to issue direct orders to the City Police, he has many ways of controlling that body through the proper authorities. Nobody doubts that if the Home Office had encouraged the City, either by precept or example, the Socialists would have been much more firmly dealt with. As a matter of fact, they have been allowed their head where the SECRETARY has the police under his jurisdiction. Of course, this has had its very natural effect of encouraging them, and damping the courage of the police authorities; and so an orderly community is liable to be insulted and disturbed at a time when it is peculiarly entitled to the protection of the law. Whatever exaggeration there may have been, the fact remains that the service was interrupted at St. Paul's. It was not done by surprise. The police were warned, and there was the experience of many previous weeks in various places to show what a church parade of Socialists means. With this evidence to guide them, the authorities ought to have kept the rabble out of the church. It may be that the City authorities are in fault; and, indeed, they seem to have prepared for a riot in the sense that they were prepared to allow one to begin. But, in fact, it does not in the least matter whether the City or the Home Office is to blame in this particular case. Everybody whose business it is to keep order has been slack and cowardly in dealing with the Socialists for a year past. The scandal is not so much that there has been mismanagement on any particular occasion. It lies in this, that during months a body of loud-mouthed and rowdy agitators have been allowed to carry on a "campaign" of mere nuisance. As a natural consequence they have not learnt to appreciate their insignificance, but to realize their happiness in being able to misbehave with impunity. They live by doing this kind of thing, and however contemptible a part of the nation they may be, they are great men in their own world. In the meantime police magistrates have to deal weekly with assaults arising out of these Socialist meetings, and made by larrikins, who think they have a right to commit any outrage, provided they assume the Socialist pretext. Orderly congregations, again, go to church with such confidence as they can get from Ministerial assurances that the police will act with vigour at some undefined future date. Everything is to be regulated at some future date, as the HOME SECRETARY explained to Mr. FISHER on Thursday night when answering his questions as to the cost to the country of the Trafalgar Square meetings. Until that time arrives, it appears from Mr. MATTHEWS's own words that these roughs' holidays give extra work to from two to three thousand policemen and cost the taxpayer about 140*l.* each. This must be stopped, and Trafalgar Square meetings must be prohibited, if the Government is to escape reprobation and something like contempt.

MARINE FILIBUSTERING.

THE story unfolded at the end of last week and the beginning of this before Mr. Justice SMITH and a special jury has a double interest, partly romantic, and partly technical. The vessel, which started across the Atlantic as the *Justitia*, belonging to Sir WILLIAM CALL, and arrived on the other side as *La Liberada*—the change of name has a happy significance—the property of one PHILLIPS, said to be Sir WILLIAM's valet, or ex-valet, was the subject of a metamorphosis which in these prosaic days could not fail to please. Her cargo, which had been put on board at Antwerp under the somewhat vague designation of "machinery for use in gold mines," was more specifically proved in Court to have consisted of two Krupp cannon, with apparatus—some of it of dubious efficiency—for letting them off, and a great number of rifles and cartridges. Perhaps it is not positively inaccurate to call these articles machinery, and there is not in England, and may not be in Venezuela, British Guiana, or the disputed territory between the two, any law against using them in gold mines. Nevertheless the phraseology is peculiar, and its ambiguity may partly account for the difference of opinion among the jury as to whether Sir WILLIAM CALL did or did not know that Colonel SANDOVAL really meant to use the cargo not in gold mines but on the high seas, for the purpose of politically agitating the established government of Venezuela.

The captain and crew, when they arrived in Venezuela, proved worthy of the cargo. A hundred sea-dogs having been taken on board, and divers "sloops" containing five hundred more taken in tow, and the whole company suitably armed with the machinery for use in gold-mines, the good ship *Justitia* went to and fro, attacking or being attacked by Venezuelan ships, forts, and custom-houses, with a lightness of heart to which it would require a MARRYAT to do full justice. What damage she did is not known in this country—the custom-house, at least, came off scatheless—but she was so unfortunate as to lose a "general," several of which officials appear to have been directing her piratical exploits. Eventually she fell into the hands of the Venezuelan Government, such of the sea-dogs as were then on board being "detained as pirates," and the Anglo-Scandinavian crew who had brought her from Antwerp being considerably sent back to the place from whence they came.

The legal interest of the prosecution arose from the fact that the defendants were indicted under the Foreign Enlistment Act, which was passed in 1870, and under which there have not yet been very many prosecutions. The Act was passed, as Mr. FINLAY observed in his defence of Colonel SANDOVAL, somewhat hurriedly, less than a month after the war of 1870 broke out, and while the *Alabama* troubles were fresh in the minds of the British Government. It is therefore interesting as an attempt to make the municipal law of this country accord with the exigencies of what is more or less absurdly called "international law." As a matter of fact, it is more stringent than international law, if it were law, and if we were subject to it, would require it to be. *Prima facie*, inasmuch as foreign States have a right to go to war, and their subjects have a right, as far as we are concerned, to make revolutions; and as, when either of those events happens, there is likely to be a demand for big and little guns, ammunition, and ships, it is a laudable enterprise on the part of British merchants to supply them with those necessities. But it happens, particularly in the case of revolutions, that the other side does not regard these mercantile undertakings with favour. The legislature has, therefore, done its best to effect a judicious compromise between the commercial ardour of British merchants on the one hand, and the susceptibilities of foreign Governments on the other. It is, consequently, a matter of considerable moment to know just where they have drawn the line, and how far it is lawful to assist patriotic Governments of belligerent Powers or constitutional Oppositions in unstable Republics.

Colonel SANDOVAL was convicted of an offence against the 11th section of the Act, which provides for the punishment of any one who, "within the limits of HER MAJESTY'S dominions, and without the license of HER MAJESTY, prepares or fits out any naval or military expedition against the dominions of any friendly State." It was argued on his behalf that buying guns, with the intention that they should be fired at custom-houses in the friendly State of Venezuela, was not preparing a naval expedition. Mr. Justice SMITH overruled this contention, and directed the jury that to provide such an essential part of the expedition was to prepare an expedition. The defendants were also charged under the 8th section of the Act; but these charges were withdrawn by Sir EDWARD CLARKE, to the great regret of every artist in criminal law. This section is directed against any one who "within HER MAJESTY'S dominions, without the license of HER MAJESTY . . . [among other things] equips 'any ship with intent or knowledge, or having a reasonable cause to believe, that the same shall or will be employed 'in the military or naval service of any foreign State at war 'with any friendly State.' By the interpretation clause of the statute the word 'equip' includes 'furnishing a ship' with any 'thing which is used in or about a ship for the 'purpose of fitting or adapting her for sea or for naval 'service.' 'Foreign State' includes any foreign prince, 'colony, province, or part of any province or people, or any 'person or persons exercising or assuming to exercise the 'powers of government in or over any foreign country, 'colony, province, or part of any province or people.' This very wide definition appears to be expressly aimed at any, even the most contemptible, faction carrying on open and undisguised revolution. But the SOLICITOR-GENERAL withdrew the charges under this section, because the revolution in Venezuela had not broken out when the defendants equipped their ship in England. The statute does not say "in the . . . service of any State then at war with any friendly Power." Why should it be assumed to mean it? Why should it not be an offence under the section to equip a ship

for service in a war or revolution which you have reason to believe will have broken out by the time the ship arrives! A Solicitor-General who really loved the criminal law would surely not have omitted to insist upon so simple a contention.

LORD WOLSELEY AND MR. BRIGHT.

IT is hardly necessary to review the review of the Nile Expedition given by Colonel DUNCAN at the Birkbeck Institute last Wednesday. Unquestionably it was an interesting lecture, and fairly won the hearty vote of thanks given by the audience. The speaker had every right to be heard on the subject, and his chairman, Lord WOLSELEY, holds a position and enjoys a reputation which entitle him to be heard on any military question he may choose to speak on. Some of their statements were doubtless open to criticism. Colonel DUNCAN seemed, for instance, inclined to think that our unopposed retreat from the Soudan—or, as he preferred to call it, with a euphemism worthy of General M'CLELLAN, "our march to the North"—was a compensation for the failure to reach Khartoum. Lord WOLSELEY, again, was obviously under the impression that he had thoroughly justified the strategy of the advance by declaring that it would assuredly have succeeded if Sir H. STEWART and Colonel BURNABY had survived Abu Klea. The taste which combines praise of the dead with a sneer at a living officer who has never been openly charged with misconduct by a competent authority is at least doubtful. If Lord WOLSELEY believes that Sir CHARLES WILSON is answerable for the failure, and by implication he has said as much, it was his duty to have assumed the responsibility of openly calling him to account. To a civilian who remembers that in war all men are liable to be killed, it appears that if the expedition from Korti could not succeed in the probable event of the death of two officers, it must have been despatched with a very narrow margin to work in. Whether the military gentlemen are responsible for that is very doubtful. Other authorities must bear their share of blame for making the rescue of General GORDON "an affair of hours." But affairs of that kind are very apt to fail in war. It is not a credible assertion that Colonels STEWART and BURNABY would have been able to conquer time and space for the convenience of Mr. GLADSTONE and the interests of Lord WOLSELEY.

These are, comparatively speaking, matters of ancient history; but both Colonel DUNCAN and Lord WOLSELEY had an opportunity of dealing with a more recent event. They both answered Mr. BRIGHT's late charge of cruelty on the part of the British soldier with great explicitness. Colonel DUNCAN did not refer to Mr. BRIGHT's words directly, but he took occasion to declare that, during the long retreat down the Nile "not one complaint against an English soldier" had been made to him of insult or harsh treatment." Lord WOLSELEY was much more outspoken. He asserted, in terms of very justifiable severity, that "the stories which" they had been recently told were infamous untruths." Mr. BRIGHT may not be touched by an appeal to his feelings as an Englishman. Probably he has long desired that this phrase should in some way share the fate which he wished to see befall the British Lion and the Foreign Office. The feelings of an Englishman are naturally wicked in Mr. BRIGHT's view, and what Lord WOLSELEY would describe as vilifying British soldiers in an abominable manner the peace-loving, but pugnacious, orator would probably consider as merely describing them in accurate terms. Lord WOLSELEY has, of course, no difficulty in disposing of the foolish story that the helpless Arab wounded were generally massacred after Abu Klea or any other battle in the Soudan. He was well within the truth in declaring that the British soldier had always been honourably distinguished by his humanity. It would be strange if he were not, for Englishmen—who, after all, are the great majority of the British army—belong to a race which has always been exceptionally free from the vice of cruelty. Lord WOLSELEY touched on the very trifling basis of fact there is for Mr. BRIGHT's calumny when he told how "over and over again men had been badly" wounded or killed by suspicious natives to whom they "were about to offer water." In such cases, no doubt, our men have occasionally retaliated by despatching an enemy who would not accept quarter or recognize the conventional rules of war adopted by civilized nations. If Mr. BRIGHT's charge was seriously held to require an answer, it has been

answered by Lord WOLSELEY's denial. Whether that will lead him to withdraw his accusation is quite another matter. He is not in the habit of acknowledging himself in the wrong, and will probably continue to believe that he being on the side of justice, and soldiers on the side of iniquity, anything he may say is, and must be, thoroughly justified. Reasoning in this style lately entailed heavy damages for libel on a philanthropic historian; but he was foolish enough to accuse an individual of a specific act of barbarity. Mr. BRIGHT is safe from the fate of the humanity-loving chronicler, for he has only accused the army at large. Now you cannot libel the British army.

THE HITTITES IN CUSTODY.

CAPTAIN CONDER has found out all about the Hittites, and has told Sir CHARLES WARREN. What can he have found out? For a long time almost all that the public knew of the Hittites was connected with the fate of a gallant but ill-treated officer of that nationality in the service of King DAVID. Then a number of monuments were discovered and re-discovered—monuments inscribed with characters resembling the legs of tables and chairs. Then references to the Hittites were found in Egyptian inscriptions, and it became manifest that they were powerful neighbours, and occasionally enemies, of the PHARAOHS. Next it was noticed that they wore boots with turned-up toes, and were fond of silver. On the whole subject the chief English authority, perhaps the chief living authority, is Professor SAYCE, who also made the nearest approach to deciphering the Hittite monuments. His *Herodotus* is full of information about the Hittites. Professor SAYCE, if we understand him correctly, holds that the Hittites got mixed up in traditions with the Cimmerians, a people of darkness, who are also a Homeric race. "What EUSEBIOS calls the 'first capture of Sardes by the Kimmerians, in B.C. 1078,' is probably a tradition of the conquest of Lydia and 'Sardes by the Hittites before the rise of the dynasty of the Herakleids. It is possible that the same event is meant by STRABO (i. p. 90) when he says that the Kimmerian chief LYGDAMIS ruled in Kilikia—a Hittite district—while his followers overran Lydia and captured 'Sardes.'"

The reader is requested to keep his eye on LYGDAMIS, the possible Hittite, for reasons which will appear later. Professor SAYCE also thinks that the Hittite "fancy for silver" may have been communicated to the Lydians. "Silver" seems to have had a special attraction for the Hittites, and we only wish they were up and around again, to check the depreciation of the article. Professor SAYCE, moreover, holds that, in the legends of the Amazons, "we may see a 'tradition of the Hittite occupation of Lydia, along with 'Ephesos, Kymê, and Myrina. The Amazons were primarily the priestesses of the Asiatic goddess whose worship 'the Hittites introduced into Western Asia Minor.' This goddess was identified with their ARTEMIS by the Greeks, and the original structure of the Temple of DIANA of the Ephesians 'went back to the Hittite period.' It will not be forgotten that silversmiths were in great force in Ephesus down to St. PAUL's time. The Hittites must be 'the White Syrians of STRABO,' and Sinopê was founded among the Syrians. 'But these Syrians were really 'Hittites.' The Hittite palace at Eyuk was ruined, and 'the ruin was, no doubt, effected by KRÆSOS.' The profligacy of Lydian women before marriage 'may have 'been introduced by the Hittites'—a charge which, we hope, cannot be established against a gallant and extinct people. 'There are many reasons for thinking that the 'Hittites and Proto-Armenians belonged to the same 'race. Perhaps the devices on the shields of which 'HERODOTUS speaks were originally Hittite hieroglyphs.' (HERODOTUS was speaking of the Carians.) The figures attributed by HERODOTUS to SESOSTRIS 'are monuments 'of his most redoubtable enemies, the Hittites, and testify 'to the extension of their power as far as the Ægean.' MEMNON, the son of the Dawn, 'was associated with 'the Homeric Keteians or Hittites.' 'It is possible 'that the leaders' of the Hyksos or Shepherd Kings 'were Hittite princes.' Their faces on the monuments, at least, belong to a very peculiar and non-Semitic type. The Hittites, at the head of combined Canaanite forces, were defeated by THOTHMES, a king who had a Jubilee, and survived it! RAMSES II. fought them again, and

their allies were our old friends the Dardanians, Mysians from Ilion and Pedasus, and Colchians. Finally RAMSES made an alliance with the Hittites. Possibly the Hittites founded Jerusalem. "A Hittite tribe even succeeded in settling in the south of Palestine, in the neighbourhood of Hebron, which, like Jerusalem, would have been a Hittite foundation, if MARIETTE is right in making the leaders of the Hyksos dynasties Hittites." In the time of TIGLATH PILESER the Hittites garrisoned Semitic Syria with Colchian soldiers. OMPHALE, the mistress of HERACLES, is "perhaps the Hittite name of the Asiatic goddess." As for their religion, the Hittites received it from Chaldea, before the rise of Assyria. The Hittites invented (in the matter of art) the mural crown and (apparently) "the double-headed eagle." Hittite art is the source of the peculiar art of Asia Minor, which "forms a well-marked feature in that of primitive Greece." The Hittite hieroglyphics (which Captain CONDER has deciphered) "were of native invention, though probably suggested by the sight of Egyptian writing."

This must be taken as but a brief sketch of what Professor SAYCE knew or had inferred as probable about the history and institutions of the Hittites some four years ago. Much may have been added to this lore; but, even as it stands, how important a tribe the Hittites appear! They were, or may have been, the leaders of the Hyksos, the people of Omphale, the originals of the Amazons, and of the Cimmerians, and of the Temple of DIANA of the Ephesians. They were the intermediaries between Babylon and the East; they were allies of the Trojans, subjects of MEMNON, conquerors of Lydia, and perhaps they founded Jerusalem; while their connexion with the almost mythical Colchis appears to be undoubted.

Any new light on this adventurous and ingenious race will be welcomed as much by the sacred as by the profane historian.

Meanwhile Captain CONDER excites the wildest and most unscrupulous curiosity. He has read the Hittite inscriptions, and they do not turn out to be "pie," but good sense. He has told to nobody what they are, save to Sir CHARLES WARREN and Sir CHARLES WILSON. A fierce desire to kidnap Sir CHARLES WARREN and put pots on his head till he lets the secret out must possess every antiquarian worthy of the name. All that Captain CONDER says about his discovery is "Not only the words, but the grammar as well, can be demonstrated to belong to a well-known tongue." If the words did, it would surprise us beyond measure if the grammar didn't. Suppose the words were Irish, it would be nothing less than miraculous if the grammar were Coptic. But what can the language be? That is the real interest, for the inscriptions, of which Captain CONDER gives a few (in the only language most of us understand), are mere Prayers for Rain, so often put up vainly by the angler. The great enigma is the race and speech of the Hittites. We have seen that they were not Semitic, in Professor SAYCE's opinion, so the Semitic tongues may be barred. There remain Egyptian, Accadian, Sanskrit, Etruscan, Basque, Finnish, and Greek. For reasons which will at once occur to the ingenious, we believe it will be found that the Hittites talked Greek. The Cimmerian chief was called LYGDAMIS, the Cimmerians were probably Hittites, and LYGDAMIS sounds very Greek indeed. It will not be much more odd that the Hittite inscriptions veil Greek than it was that the Cyprian inscriptions concealed records in the same language. No light is thrown on the matter by Captain CONDER's reference to Professor SAYCE's ingenious and learned decipherment of a bilingual inscription on a small silver boss. "His reading," says Captain CONDER, "is confirmed in a remarkable manner—but not as he anticipated." What can this mean? Captain CONDER adds that the discovery "is simple and obvious." Mr. GLAISHER, of the Palestine Exploration Fund, says the Captain has read all the inscriptions "and all the gems and seals bearing Hittite legends." And Mr. GLAISHER speaks of "the Hittite inscriptions 'so called.'" Is this the secret? Are they not Hittite at all? "Great light is thrown on the early chapters of Genesis." Were the Hittites Jews? Finally, we wonder what are "the reasons why the language in which the inscriptions are written and the manner in which the discovery was arrived at should be kept back until the memoir is completed." A lady, on her death-bed, once wrote to ask a living novelist how his serial romance ended, as she knew she could not live to see it out, though it was not an American novel. Many antiquarians in dilapidated health might write in the same touching

way to Captain CONDER. A desire to make a book on this event by betting reasonable odds against the Hittites having been Aztecs, Zulus, Tartars, Hindoos, Hebrews, Maoris, Chinese, and many other races, also inspires the sporting antiquarian.

HOW TO BUY SWEET VOICES.

ALL men of average humanity will give Mr. HOWELL just the amount of sympathy he deserves for the painful position in which he found himself on Tuesday night. He said it was by no means pleasant to him to have to accuse the Corporation of London of malversation of its funds, the which as it was uttered so it may be accepted in a Parliamentary sense. Mr. LABOUCHERE, too, and Mr. GLADSTONE, are entitled to much sympathy, though to do the former of these gentlemen justice he did not claim it. Perhaps when the great business now begun has gone a little further it may prove "by no means pleasant" to Mr. HOWELL in a sense not present to his mind on Tuesday evening. In substance, the charge he has to make is that the Corporation has spent its money in organizing bogus public meetings with the intention of influencing Parliament. This may be a great sin, and one deserving of punishment. If so, the Corporation is likely to find itself in a large, if not exactly good, company. This Mr. HOWELL knows, and Mr. LABOUCHERE, and his follower, Mr. GLADSTONE. Hence their desire to limit the scope of the inquiry they ask for. When Lord GEORGE HAMILTON pointed out that the Municipal Reform League had influenced Parliament so far as to mislead poor Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT into bringing in a Bill which he fondly hoped would prove popular, and that its proceedings might not unprofitably be inquired into, the chorus of protest from the other side was almost touching. One and all they cried out against inquiry into the proceedings of anybody who had attacked the Corporation. The Motion which Mr. HOWELL drew up, with the help of Mr. BRADLAUGH, Mr. A. MORLEY, and Sir W. HARCOURT, was strictly limited to the sins of the Corporation. It asked for a Committee to inquire into the "alleged improper use" and malversation of public funds of the Corporation of "London."

When the Committee has examined and reported it will be time to say how far Mr. HOWELL's figures are supported by evidence better than "anonymous gossip." At present there is no proof that they are anything else. There is, consequently, no ground on which to base either an attack or a defence of the Corporation for those who have not had access to the papers which were neither stolen nor purloined, but which did in some remarkable way come into Mr. LABOUCHERE's hands. What, however, is a fair subject for comment is the rather tell-tale oratory of the hon. member for Bethnal Green and the equally hon. member for Northampton. They were both very anxious to defend the freedom of the House and preserve it from undue external pressure. In the course of their speeches they showed a very remarkable familiarity with the art and mystery of applying that pressure. Mere documents would never have made Mr. HOWELL understand the exact value of the entries about chuckers-out, chairmen, enthusiastic audience, banner-men, and so forth. Therefore it is, doubtless, that he and others are so anxious to limit the scope of the inquiry, and therefore Mr. GLADSTONE supported them in their efforts to make the reference as narrow as possible. Superficially, there is something plausible in Mr. GLADSTONE's contention that there is no parity between spending of private money by private persons and misuse of public money by a corporation. This is true, but beside the question. Mr. HOWELL attacked the Corporation for attempting to influence the House of Commons unduly. If this is a breach of privilege in them, it would be so equally in a private person. If the House is to take notice of such as organize bogus public meetings, there is no reason why it should stop at the Corporation, though no doubt such a limitation of the field of inquiry would be highly convenient to some honourable members. Mr. GLADSTONE himself acknowledged that if the offence could be proved against private persons it would be "matter of which serious notice would probably be taken, although [here came in the inevitable qualification] on this subject I will not venture to give at the present moment a definite opinion." It will materially help Mr. GLADSTONE to form a definite opinion if the House can get at the facts. In any case, it will be a thousand pities if so excellent an opportunity of exposing the real character of the

demonstrations, public meetings, and processions which are now familiar weapons in party fighting were lost. If it can be shown that the same arts are used on both sides, there will be no great cause why any sane man should complain. Much the contrary, for we shall have made a step towards totally discrediting and abolishing one of the dullest and most disagreeable humbugs hitherto invented—namely, the humbug called “the imposing demonstration,” which is, in fact, a mob of persons, all ignorant, and many of them frequently venal.

THE WAR OFFICE AT THE OLD BAILEY.

THE COMPTROLLER and AUDITOR-GENERAL, who has just been exposing the financial misdeeds of the Admiralty, should turn his attention to the War Office. The trial and conviction of Colonel BROWNING at the Central Criminal Court for falsifying his accounts as Paymaster at Chatham, shows that to rob the military authorities in Pall Mall is a contemptibly easy performance, “like hittin’ of a gal,” as Mr. GILBERT would say. Colonel BROWNING was Paymaster at Chatham from 1861 to 1886, and for two years before 1861 he had discharged the same office for a West Indian regiment. His counsel pleaded that the defendant’s total defalcations, if spread over that period of time, only amounted to thirty-five pounds a quarter, which, Mr. LOCKWOOD argued, was about as far wrong as an ordinary man might be expected to go in keeping accounts. It would be absurd to suppose that Mr. LOCKWOOD was serious in this his ingenious contention. He had a bad case, and he made the best of it. But his calculation is interesting; in the first place, because it is approximately accurate—quite accurate enough for practical purposes; and, in the second place, because it shows that a high official may for years increase his income at the public expense with perfect impunity, if only he holds his tongue about it. When Colonel BROWNING commenced his financial irregularities is not very clear. Indeed, the only clear things in the whole story were the defendant’s guilt and the extraordinary laxity of the War Office. Colonel BROWNING’s duties, as described from his brief by the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, were “to make entries, to receive monies and pay monies away, and to render quarterly accounts to the War Office of the payments he had made.” The sums which passed through his hands amounted to more than a hundred thousand pounds in the course of the year. An account was kept at a bank of the monies so received, and the cheques drawn upon it were the vouchers for the payments made. For seventeen years after Colonel BROWNING came to Chatham—or, in other words, down to the year 1878—there was no inspection of the Paymaster’s balances. His figures were, indeed, audited, but in such a manner that, so long as he made his own accounts agree with those which he sent to the Office, he was safe from discovery. Such, accordingly, was the course which he took. In 1878 the practice of inspecting balances was begun. But it took the War Office seven years to detect Colonel BROWNING’s delinquencies. Colonel BROWNING had to keep four separate books. Three of them were regularly overhauled, and these three were in perfect order. It was in the “War Office Payments,” which Colonel BROWNING made himself without any intervention, that the falsifications occurred. In fact, the whole system might work with absolute correctness, and yet the public might be defrauded every day.

It was not, of course, the inspector’s duty to audit the accounts, just as it was not the auditor’s duty to inspect the balances. This is the delightful result of a complete routine. There is nothing unforeseen about it. The man who wishes to circumvent the regulations knows exactly where to have them. If he can avert suspicion in one way, he may be quite certain that it will not arise in another. In 1878, or soon afterwards, Colonel BROWNING’s books were found to be much in arrear. It was assumed that he must be overworked, and an assistant was promptly offered him. The offer was declined. “It might be,” said the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, in opening the case for the prosecution, “it might be that Colonel BROWNING was ‘unwise in that respect.’” We should say that in the circumstances Colonel BROWNING was very wise, and that the charge of unwisdom must be made in a higher quarter. It never seems to have entered the head of any official in Pall Mall that Colonel BROWNING had any particular reason for

declining all assistance, while at the same time he pleaded overwork as an excuse for inexcusable arrears. At last, in June 1885, one of the inspectors, Mr. SEED, went down to Chatham, and saw Colonel BROWNING. He not only saw Colonel BROWNING, but Colonel BROWNING’s bank-book, which showed that the balance was what Colonel BROWNING said it ought to be. “Accordingly Mr. SEED, ‘having done his duty, came away perfectly satisfied,’” says the kind and courteous ATTORNEY-GENERAL. We do not wish to suggest that Mr. SEED failed to do his duty. But we should very much like to know what the use of his doing it was. For the balance which Colonel BROWNING ought to have had in June 1885 was not, as he told Mr. SEED, seventeen hundred pounds odd, but five thousand three hundred pounds odd. This is the fearless old fashion of doing business, which would scarcely within days of mechanical efficiency impose upon any one out of a public department. Mr. SEED was followed by Mr. GIUSEPPI, who also saw Colonel BROWNING’s bank-book, and was also satisfied. At the end of 1885 the Secretary of State interfered, and in January of last year Colonel BROWNING was superseded. He then retired, and at length, in April 1886, when his accounts were taken over, the full extent of his defalcations was discovered. It was three thousand seven hundred and fifty pounds. That is the sum which in this one single instance has been lost to the taxpayer through the gross negligence of the War Office. How often, one must ask, have similar frauds been perpetrated and never discovered at all! Sir WILLIAM DUNBAR will find the subject a more important one than Lord WOLSELEY’S table-money.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

NO one can charge the Executive and members of the Society of Authors with any lack of the activity and enterprise by which alone a good cause may be crowned with success. Assiduously advanced in other ways, and already productive of cheering results, the aims of the Society must be further promoted by the Conference held at Willis’s Rooms on Wednesday, under the presidency of Lord LYTON. Mr. WALTER BESANT rendered a twofold service on this occasion by his address on “The Security of Literary Property”—a phrase that should stir every man of letters to the quick by its touching irony. In the first place, Mr. BESANT gave an admirable exposition of the disabilities that afflict the producers of literature, and he set forth in precise and conclusive terms the *raison d’être* of the Society of Authors by his draft of a practical remedial policy. No man of business would dispute the virtual identity of the interests of publishers and authors. Nor is the present undesirable condition of relationship between them due to the jealousy that proverbially arises from similarity of trade or profession. The functions of the one, as Lord LYTON observed, differ absolutely from those of the other. If the collective body of authors have come to regard publishers with distrust, or if, in extreme instances, they have looked upon them as portion of the inevitable evil of an imperfect world, it cannot be doubted there must be substantial cause for such views. From the days of DRYDEN and TONSON, the very beginning of modern literature, authors and publishers have been unnaturally divorced or unequally yoked in the sphere of business. And the last and most important result of this want of harmony is the Society of Authors, formed with the avowed object of protecting literary property, not merely from the fraudulent action of pirates—by the advocacy of international copyright—but likewise, though in no hostile spirit, from the indispensable publisher himself.

Mr. BESANT’S broad statement of the facts cannot be controverted. “The relations between author and publisher ‘are at the present moment most unsatisfactory.’” They have always been more or less “strained,” as diplomatists say, and the strain is made more than ever intolerable by the enormous increase in the making and consumption of books. The origin of this discordancy must be sought in the old-established and radically false estimate of the status of the author as a contracting party with his publisher. It is traceable to an age when modern literature was in its cradle, when authors were as children who required leading, who were without knowledge or experience, and wholly at the mercy of sharp men of business. Mr. BESANT went to the root of the matter when he affirmed that business transactions between publishers and authors are not determined

by fixed principles of equity. The present one-sided arrangements, of which writers are the victims, have their deep roots in the past and have grown apace in recent times. No such forms of contract as are daily sanctioned by the tyranny of custom between authors and publishers would be tolerated in any other commercial transactions. It matters little, as Mr. BESANT vigorously insisted, which of the four principal methods of sale forms the basis of agreement, so long as the vicious practice of unaudited accounts, of secret augmented profits, and of statements of sale unaccompanied by vouchers is permitted to continue. A publisher's account is too often dreadfully inexplicit. The unhappy author will vainly seek to pierce its impenetrable vagueness. He is entirely in the dark as to the "items"; he has no means of testing the accuracy of the bald and simple statement; and he is forbidden access to the only source of enlightenment—the books of his agent, the publisher. That such a method as this must tend to gross abuses in unscrupulous traders is sufficiently obvious. Mr. BESANT alluded in strong terms to the practice of making secret profits on the cost of production, by which a publisher increases the legitimate profits of his share in the sale. The cost of production is thus often an unknown quantity to the author until the yearly account is rendered, when he finds his anticipated "half-profits" or royalty, as the case may be, swallowed up in the little bill of costs. No one will deny that here, and in other matters discussed by Mr. BESANT, there is a fair field for the reforming energies of the Society of Authors.

Mr. BESANT exhorts all persons interested in the maintenance of literary property to co-operate resolutely against secret profits and unaudited accounts. Let all accounts be open, receipts exhibited, number of books counted, and sales checked. Above all, let there be "no charge on the cost" of production without previous agreement with the author." Here, *en somme*, we have Mr. BESANT's scheme for protecting authors and securing their property. It is difficult to imagine any reasonable person objecting to proposals so modest and, it must be added, so just and opportune. Publishers of repute and honour might naturally be expected to support some such scheme of equitable arrangement, were it not for the fetish-like regard entertained by commercial men for any practice that has arrived at the hoary dignity of a custom of the trade. There should, however, be no insuperable obstacles to reform on the lines indicated by Mr. BESANT. The question of royalties, and of the publisher's share in the proceeds of a book in the production of which he incurs no risk, are matters of equity that require delicate deliberation. Much may be urged in favour of leaving such matters to the ordinary processes of healthy competition. Liberal publishers will continue to attract popular authors. It is of more immediate importance to protect authors from the abuses in which present methods of publication abound, and to secure for them those ordinary safeguards which all other contracting parties enjoy, and which prudence and fair dealing alike dictate. The Society of Authors have a sound and just cause, and one that commands public sympathy. Let it only be prosecuted pertinaciously and with moderation, and the realization of their aspirations will not be long delayed.

SPENDING THE VOTE OF CREDIT.

THE extracts from the Report of the COMPTROLLER and AUDITOR-GENERAL on the spending of the special Vote of Credit which appear in the papers cannot be said to be light or amusing reading. They will probably be little enough studied, and yet they are full of instruction, and even of entertainment, if rightly considered. People who repeat the stock complaints—and nearly everybody does—about the waste of money by public departments, ought to read Sir WILLIAM DUNBAR's Report, for it will give them what they have certainly not had before to any great extent, and that is a definite notion of how the money disappears. Apart, too, from matters of detail, there is a general truth which stands out in the Report, and is particularly worthy of notice. On looking over the items charged, as Sir WILLIAM DUNBAR thinks, improperly, to the Vote of Credit, it becomes very clear that it was regarded at the Admiralty certainly, and probably at the War Office, as a godsend provided by a special providence for the purpose of making good deficiencies caused by the insufficient estimates of recent years. In some cases the money voted under the influence of the scare was simply spent in doing

work which ought to have been provided for in the ordinary estimates. As an instance of this, Sir WILLIAM DUNBAR quotes, "dredging at entrance to docks, Chatham, 2,885*l.*; "coal-sheds and jetty, Esquimaux, 1,729*l.*; new sheds, " &c., for torpedo-boats at Falmouth, Bermuda, Malta, and "Esquimaux, costing altogether about 12,000*l.*" All this Sir WILLIAM finds highly irregular, and no doubt he is right. The duty of a Comptroller and Auditor-General is to see whether payments are regular or not, and these are irregular, in so far as they were charged to the special Vote. There is no question, however, that the things ought to have been done; and it was better, in the interest of the country, that they should be done irregularly than not at all, which seems to have been the alternative. The scandal is not that the Admiralty spent the first money it could get on them, so much as that needful things should be neglected and then provided in a hurry out of funds voted for special war preparations.

It is clear from the details of the Report that a good deal of the Vote was simply muddled away. The AUDITOR-GENERAL, indeed, verges at times on being hypercritical—as when, for instance, he complains that so many hired vessels were kept on hand so long after the scare was over. The Government had to secure the vessels on terms which would give control over the ships for a lengthened period in case of war. As there was no fighting, the vessels remained on hand, and the expense appears great, but to some extent it was inevitable. The payment of a higher rate when the crew was left on board, of which the AUDITOR-GENERAL appears to complain as not always correct, would, of course, be justifiable, or the reverse, according to the facts of each case. At times there was downright waste, as in the two cases when "payments amounting to 1,453*l.* were found to "have been made to the owners of two transports in "respect of stores placed on board, but never used." When the vessels were handed back, the owners would make no abatement in freight on account of these stores; the firm which had supplied them would not take them back at any reduction; the Admiralty had no use for them. The result seems to have been that the stores were handed to the owners as a free gift over and above their freight. One or two of the items prove the Admiralty to be by no means destitute of bowels of compassion when old friends are concerned. For instance, when Messrs. WHITEHEAD & Co., the torpedo manufacturers, undertook to supply a hundred and seventy-five torpedoes in a given time, and only supplied one hundred, the Admiralty advanced 21,184*l.* on the next batch. A very similar act of good nature is credited to the War Office, which very handsomely allowed Lord WOLSELEY and his staff to draw special pay, quite against the rules, for two months after their return from Egypt to this country. No satisfactory explanation has been forthcoming, it seems, for such items as these:—"Machinery for propelling HER MAJESTY'S ships, 198,267*l.*; "ships, &c., building by contract, 171,152*l.*; steam "launches, pinnaces, &c., 26,801*l.*," and so on. The explanation, we imagine, is not far to seek. These items ought not to appear under special war preparations, of course; but if you starve your navy in time of peace, deficiencies must be made good at a pinch by any money available. And so, to end where we began, that is the moral of the COMPTROLLER and AUDITOR-GENERAL's Report.

THE TWO GOVERNMENTS OF IRELAND.

NO one would describe Lord LYMINGTON as a particularly influential member of the Unionist Liberal party; but to give importance to such a letter as he has just addressed to the *Times* it is not necessary that the writer should be able to influence the political group to which he belongs, but only that he should fairly represent it. And we have very little doubt that the opinions to which Lord LYMINGTON has given such frank and forcible expression are typical of those which prevail in the Unionist Liberal ranks. We feel tolerably sure that his "protest against the want of action, "of nerve, and of courage which is paralysing the Ministerial "treatment of the Irish question, and day by day taking all "heart as well as all principle out of the Unionist cause," would be echoed by the large majority of Lord HARTINGTON's followers. It is not for us to say whether the Government do or do not need the assurances volunteered by Lord LYMINGTON with respect to the support which they may count upon receiving from their Liberal allies in dealing vigorously

with disorder in Ireland. We know not whether they do or do not require to be told that they can "rely upon all Unionists who are Unionists on principle, as distinct from those who are in a position of suspended animation and in attendance upon such circumstances arising as may enable them to develop their own schemes of Home Rule." Ministers may be aware of this or they may not; but either way it is, or ought to be, a matter of complete indifference to them. Their duty, as it is the duty of all Governments, is to maintain the law of the land and the authority of the Executive in every part of the QUEEN'S dominions, and they have no more right to inquire whether a majority of the House of Commons will or will not support them in enforcing the law than the private citizen has to consider what personal advantage or disadvantage will accrue to himself from obeying it. Nay, if they had reason to believe that a majority of the House of Commons would refuse to support them in doing their duty, they would be all the more bound to challenge such a refusal at the earliest moment, in order to relieve themselves as soon as possible of the serious moral responsibility of retaining functions which they are not permitted to discharge in a manner conformable with their paramount obligation as a Government.

It is not supposed, indeed, that Ministers intend to let matters "slide" altogether in Ireland. On the contrary, it is fully understood that they are going to "do something," and they have held, and intend to hold, Cabinet Councils to settle what that something is to be. But it is repeatedly asserted, and, though without authority, with far too much plausibility, that they will confine themselves to mere amendments of criminal procedure—measures, no doubt, very desirable in themselves, but which, unaccompanied by direct Executive action, must inevitably fail of their object. Nothing that can be done by mere legislation designed to facilitate the processes of law and to expedite the action of judicial tribunals will touch the real root of mischief in Ireland. At best—though we would not be supposed to underrate this—it can but check the effluence of open and violent crime from this parent stem, which will still continue to put forth shoots of anarchy and disorder in other directions and of other kinds. Cabinet Councils will meet and separate in vain until such time as they become duly impressed—which they seem far from being at present—with the spectacle of that rival Council which assembles every fortnight in Dublin, and whose last meeting was presided over by the triumphant Mr. DILLON. The Government in London must condescend to notice its successful rival in Ireland, and Ministers must grasp the fact that it is idle for them to attempt to govern that country until their rival has been put down. It was announced at this meeting that 464*l.* had been received from Irish branches, 250*l.* from the Australian Federal Council of the League, and 750*l.* from the New South Wales Central Executive of the League for the Parliamentary Fund since the last meeting. With the last sum a letter was read, stating that this sum made up 3,750*l.* subscribed in New South Wales for the League during the past eight months. The Chairman then proceeded to refer to the recent conspiracy trials, and said "they would stand for ever as a disgrace to the prosecution." They had heard the last of them; "and, as for coercion, it would fail, as it had always failed." Mr. DILLON wound up his speech by giving this piece of advice to the landlords—that "the leaders of the Irish party desired to use the Plan of Campaign sparingly, justly, and fairly; but he could not answer for the Irish people in the future."

There the Ministers may see the spirit and purpose of the "other Government" set before them in the clearest light, and they may judge for themselves what chance their new legislation has of succeeding so long as they allow this Government to exist, and to issue its warnings and decrees in this defiant fashion. The course which they will be pursuing, if they adopt the particular legislative policy attributed to them, can only be appreciated by imagining that Ireland is at this moment under the physical, as it is under the moral, occupation of an invading army. What would be thought of the Government of the country if in that case it were announced that they intended to acquiesce in the presence of this hostile force, and to make no direct attempt to dislodge it, but would confine themselves to taking measures to protect the lives of the inhabitants of the country? Suppose we were told that whenever any military movements were made by the enemy which seemed likely to lead to bloodshed force would be met with force; that any sharpshooters or skirmishers thrown out by the army would be at once arrested; but that so long as the main body

abode within its lines and contented itself with "requisitioning" the inhabitants for its supplies, the Government would recommend all loyal and law-abiding people to reconcile themselves to the situation as best they might? What, we say, would be thought of a military executive who behaved in this fashion? And how does the case before us substantially differ from that of our hypothesis? The Moonlighters and other perpetrators of agrarian crime are simply the skirmishers of the National League. It is true that their movements are more impressive to the eye and dramatic in their effect than those of the main body under whose commander they serve; it is true, even, that they are, in a certain sense, more vigorous and formidable. As human nature is constituted, it will always seem a graver matter that one man should be killed than that a thousand or a hundred thousand should suffer any lesser evil; but to those who look at causes rather than effects it must be evident that an anti-social power which demonstrates its existence by occasional murders is really far less formidable to society than one which is able to exercise a constant and unrelaxing tyranny over a vast multitude of human lives. And this is what the army, as distinct from its skirmishers—this is what the National League, as distinct from the Moonlighters, is at present able to do in Ireland. Even as regards the repression of skirmishing itself, it is evident that the hostile force requires to be broken up. Few inhabitants, we imagine, of a country overrun by an invading host would believe that a Government who could not or dared not repel the invader would be able to give them any good assurance of their lives. Bloodshed would, they might fear, occasionally befall, in spite of the utmost vigilance on the part of the police patrols who were set to watch the foraging expedition and interfere if they saw weapons likely to be used. In the same way, we may well be sceptical of the effect even of the most admirable amendment of the law by one of the two Governments, so long as the other Government remains in function. But, apart from this, we protest against the "requisitioning" and the picketing itself. We protest against the hostile army being allowed to continue in this fashion encamped on the soil of Ireland, to plunder one portion of the inhabitants and to terrorize the rest.

SHOOTING PARTIES.

SHOOTING parties form one of the most agreeable phases of our winter life, and one that is most highly appreciated by the numerous sportsmen of this country. The great desideratum is to combine at the same time men who are good shots and good fellows, and when that has been accomplished, if the weather is only favourable, there is a certainty of some very cheery times. Of course it is necessary in forming a shooting party that the invitations should be issued early, as for covert-shooting November is the favourite month, and most of those who have good sport to offer their friends select that month for two reasons—firstly, that the leaf is off, and secondly, that when the coverts are getting bare there is, of course, a certain amount of waste of game going on, owing to the birds straying and being killed on the outside, and, that being the case, parties are very liable to clash, and if early invitations are not issued it is not likely that the desired guests can be got together. The chief object is sport, but these parties at the same time combine some of the pleasantest social gatherings, as there is the proper proportion of the fair sex, many of whom are wives or daughters of the sportsmen, and take a keen interest in sport, and who do not expect late hours and dancing, which are undoubtedly prejudicial to good shooting. There are several branches of shooting which are equally popular, such as grouse or partridge-shooting, over dogs, or driving, and covert-shooting, but for the present we will confine ourselves to the latter branch, for which so many parties are made, which generally take place in the winter months. A great deal has been written about covert-shooting to the effect that it is not sport, and that it is like shooting barn-door fowl, and that the sportsmanlike way of killing pheasants is to sally forth with a spaniel and hunt them up out of the hedgerows. Now every one knows that a pheasant which is put up out of a hedgerow by a dog flies heavily, and is the easiest bird in the world to kill; but let the man who advocates that as sport be put some way from a covert with the birds flying fast and high and thick, and, if he is only accustomed to the hedgerow-shooting, he will find he cuts but a poor figure, the rocketers sailing away over him uninjured, or only hit about the tail. To bring down high pheasants flying fast and thick requires to an eminent degree both coolness and quickness, as they are much smaller birds than they look with their thick plumage and long tails, and fly much faster than they seem to, and those who are unaccustomed to them will endure grief and anguish by not shooting enough in front of them, and by seeing them fly cheerily away uninjured.

The party, after having used the proper amount of caution in seeing that guns and cartridges are not left behind, are collected in a country house, and naturally one of the first subjects of conversation is the weather, and what chances there are of a fine week; for this variable climate of ours is undoubtedly most trying to the tempers both of the host, keepers, and guests, and seldom does a week pass in winter without the shooting being upset by either rain, snow, or fogs, wet nights even spoiling the sport in many cases, though the days be fine, as the prudent rabbit, having an objection to a wet jacket, has the bad taste to prefer lying comfortably ensconced in his warm burrow to going out to feed on a bad night, getting wet, being stopped out from his hole by the keepers, and eventually being shot the next day. It is no doubt selfish of him, but it is natural.

After the ladies have gone to bed, which in a shooting party they do as a rule at a reasonable hour, the men in the smoking-room, if not playing cards or billiards, generally discuss burning questions as to whether hammerless or hammer guns are the best and safest—an argument that invariably crops up amongst them, and is carried on with much warmth between the advocates of either principle; and whether Schultz, E.C., or black powder is the most killing, and what kind of a breeding year there has been, and what accidents have taken place. Amongst those that have stayed in the house before there is much speculation as to which coverts are going to be shot, and whether any of the days will be a second time over. The glass is studied with deep interest, and some energetic ones look out to see what the night is like. A moderately early move is made to bed, so that the guns may be in form next day, as very likely the host has informed his guests that he wants to breakfast early, the beat being a long one and the days short. In the morning there is a good early muster of the guns, all of them being up to time with the exception of one or two, who atone for their laziness by snatching a hurried and uncomfortable breakfast, and who have to undergo a torrent of chaff at their slackness in the pursuit of sport. The keepers and loaders have gone on, so the guns get into a waggone and drive on to the beat, where everything is ready for an immediate start.

On arriving at the beat much amusement is caused by Major A, who puts on a pair of the new crystal spectacles to protect his eyes from being shot out, and who presents a weird and frightful appearance, as the glasses strongly resemble the headlights on a Transatlantic locomotive. He is impervious to the hilarity he causes, having, as he says, seen so many accidents that he will not risk his eyesight at his time of life. The host, who is a good sportsman, and manages his shooting in an excellent manner, places his guns and enjoins silence on guns and beaters alike, only permitting these latter to use their sticks, and not their tongues, which they, after the manner of their class, delight in doing, as if under the impression that they have to keep a tiger or two, or a herd of elephants forward. Soon the fun begins, and the guns are going merrily, those placed forward blazing away as fast as their loaders can hand them their second guns, those walking with the beaters not getting so much shooting at pheasants, but doing well with the ground-game, and comforting themselves with the pleasing thought that it will be their turn to be forward next time. In some places where the host himself does not manage his own shooting, and it is left to the keepers, rank and high tips secure the forward places to the same guns every time, much to the disgust of the humble commoners who naturally feel much aggrieved at being put always to walk in line with the beaters, while Lords X, Y, and Z are always forward, though they are in no way better shots than themselves. Soon a shout is heard from a beater "Mark woodcock!" and bang! go two or three guns from those walking in line, promptly responded to by shouts from those forward, "Hi! hi! let them rise! Who fired that shot?" At the end of that beat there are stern inquiries from the forward guns as to who has fired at the woodcock; and one of the back guns, who has not had the chance of firing, with a kind of grim satisfaction gives up the names of the delinquents, who feel somewhat small at the jobation they receive and at missing the woodcock in their haste, and seeing it neatly killed by one of the forward guns. Then, while the game is being gathered and during the usual few minutes before the guns are placed for the next beat, notes are compared. Some one says, "Hullo! A; you were tailoring the birds nicely then. I do not believe you killed six head." A, of course, has some excellent excuse—what man who is shooting badly has not? The sun was in his eyes, or one of his cartridges stuck and put him off, or some tree was in the way, or, again, the birds flew awkwardly; but his tormentor is not to be taken in, in that manner, and says, "Oh, we know all about those old excuses; why don't you say at once you were miffing them?" Then some who were not pleased with their performances say they are out of form, and that they will shoot better after luncheon. Mr. T, who has an enormous estimate of himself, and who once confided to a friend, when asked his opinion, that he was the best shot in his county, goes round and tells his friends that he fired thirty-two shots and killed twenty-eight head. Lord S, who happened to be next him and saw what he really did, promptly takes him up and enumerates various other misses that he made, and at the same time makes him extremely indignant by informing him that he shot at very low birds, and blew most of his birds to pieces. A move is then made to the next beat, and the back guns have the pleasure of being forward, the host not being a greedy shot, keeping himself back most of the time, and looking

after the beating. After a beat or two the various guns have formed a fair estimate of one another; it is generally agreed that Mr. T, besides being a dangerous shot, is a very jealous one, and is always taking other people's birds, or blowing his own to pieces for fear they should turn to some one else. He is therefore not very popular, and comes in for a fair amount of abuse and exhortation to "let them rise." In fact, his neighbour, indignant at having his birds constantly taken by him, lifts his hat, and says with bitter irony, "Thank you, T; you have no idea what a pleasure it is to me to walk by your side with a gun in my hand, and see you shoot."

Major A is of a cautious disposition; and being rather old and slow is in the habit of following his birds for a long time, and eventually not firing at them at all, while Mr. B, being young and keen, blazes away with great rapidity, but without much success; so much so that the head keeper confides to his master that "Major A he goes aim, aim, aim, without shooting, and Mr. B he goes shoot, shoot, shoot, without aiming." During the next beat Mr. M is detected by Lord S, who is next to him, in making some excavations in a patch of snow lying unmelting by the side of the covert. This excites his curiosity, and when Mr. M has passed on he goes to investigate the cause, and detects the tip of a pheasant's tail just protruding from the snow. He follows up his researches, and exhumes the fragmentary remains of a cock pheasant blown into small shreds by Mr. M, who had gathered them up and endeavoured to hide his guilty secret in the snow. But Lord S, triumphantly bearing the mangled remains to the guns collected at the corner, succeeds in bringing a blush of shame to Mr. M's cheek, and in checking for a time his self-appreciation, for he is generally a fair all-round shot. About one o'clock the order is given for lunch; there is a very cheery half-hour in the keeper's cottage, plenty of fun and chaff—a good deal of it at T's expense—and a hot lunch, topped by a glass of cherry or orange brandy. Before they start again the list of the bag is brought in and the host reads out a total of 524 head killed, and says they ought to get 350 more before night, though he had hoped to kill 1,000; but in one beat the birds had risen in a lump and gone back, having been put up in the corner by a fox. In his inmost heart he feels that in some cases the shooting might have been better; but he does not like to say so and hurt his guests' feelings; though they say so among themselves, especially as regards one place where the birds came very high and fast, and required really first-class shooting to bring them down. Lunch seems to have had an excellent effect, for afterwards the shooting is much better than in the morning. In the last corner, rather a "hot" one, Mr. N was the hero of an amusing incident. Mr. B, who was intent on firing away as rapidly as possible at the pheasants coming over him in great numbers, did not see a falling bird killed by the gun next him, which fell from a considerable height on to his face, blacking both his eyes and making his nose bleed, and knocking him down as scientifically as the most finished professor of the art of self-defence could have done. Mr. N, seeing the effect without knowing the cause, was seized with the pangs of a guilty conscience, turned quite white, and exclaimed, "I have killed him!" imagining that he was the culprit when firing at a low pheasant; but, when undeceived, he had to take a pull at his flask, as he was quite unnerved, and, fortunately for him, it was the end of the day.

The following day the beat is much nearer home, and, the weather being lovely, the ladies join the shooters at lunch, and walk with them afterwards, which adds somewhat to the cheeriness of the day, though not perhaps to the prompt disposal of the mid-day meal. After four good days' sport, with bags of various magnitude, the guests disperse, having thoroughly enjoyed themselves, and looking forward to other weeks to come during the season.

All parties are not so successful, as in some cases the game is scarce and the host is a greedy shot, and always puts himself in the best places, with the not unusual result that he finds several of his guests suddenly called away by telegram during the week.

But a good shooting party accompanied by the best of creature comforts is the most appreciated of social entertainments, and one which earns more gratitude from guests than any other. For he, indeed, would be hard to please who could not be thoroughly happy during a good week's shooting party, and would be basely ungrateful to his host and hostess who did not express to them and behind their backs his extreme pleasure and gratitude to them.

EPISTOLÆ CLARORUM VIRORUM.

THREE persons of distinction have this week been obliging the world with letters dealing in this way and that, from this side and the other, with the Irish difficulty, as it is (considering all things, rather politely) called. Sir George Trevelyan has been disturbing the mind of a Liberal Unionist, and showing that his own mind is in, suppose we say, a slightly turbid condition in another sense, by a letter to the people of Aberdeen. Sir William Harcourt has secured directly almost the whole of two columns of large print for a letter to the Editor of the *Times* and great part of two others indirectly, by the rather unkind comments which the Editor of the *Times* (per self or leader-writer) has felt called upon to make on that letter. And One Above both Sir George Trevelyan and Sir William Harcourt has capped the climax with

a letter (not a mere postcard, such as might do for a benighted Anglican, but a whole large letter) to the Editor of the *Baptist*, who is *quid* "Baptist, Editor of the," quite a man after Mr. Gladstone's own heart, but who is a too Particular Baptist, it appears, in respect of some demands and complaints which he makes in reference to the Upper Power of Hawarden. All these letters are noteworthy; Sir George Trevelyan's least so, but still noteworthy. The utterance does not indeed reassure us as to that gradual amelioration of Sir George's intellects—that return to the stage of *Horace at Athens* and the *Competition Wallah*—which was hoped for after his temporary escape from the Upas shadow. Alas! there are signs of softening once more in the Georgio-Horatian brains. The Irish question is to be "dealt with promptly and thoroughly"; so far, so good. But, it seems, it "can only be so dealt with by a reunited Liberal party," which, considering that the Liberal party is at this present moment hopelessly divided—with its brains and heart on one side of the division, and its sprawling tail and almost brainless head on the other—by this very question, does not seem promising. But Sir George further feels that "the moment is ripe for reunion." Alas! alas! the "lesson" appears to have been taught to Sir George only too well. Lydia (the hussy!) has got him once more, and is leading him off, unless, indeed, Lord Hartington or some other stern but beneficent agency can play the part of the "Senior Proctor" in his own verses. To tell the truth, Sir George seems to be in a very demoralized state of mind, and his promise at the Devonshire Club not to be aggressive any more shows it. He, the approver of Afghan scuttling and Boer knocking-down and all the rest of it, aggressive! Fancy a mouse protesting that it is not going to be magnanimous!

To do Sir William Harcourt justice, *he* is not in a mild and melting mood. His letter to the *Times* is quite in Erceles's vein—a tyrant's vein, and no mistake. The pupil who had written the book was not more peremptory than Sir William, who has relieved his letter by only one touch (and that, no doubt, an unconscious one) of humour. "The Home Secretary," says he, "stated the position of the Government with legal accuracy." Of course he did; Home Secretaries have legal accuracy by patent. Was not Sir William Harcourt once Home Secretary? But the general characteristic of the epistle is a stern laying down of the law, as the vulgar say, rather than an accurate expounding of it, and in the course of the laying down there is perhaps a little want of that invaluable aid to the law-layer, Logic. We do not wish to disgust Sir William with technical terms, and shall therefore spare him a complete reduction, according to Aldrichian line and scale, of his paralogisms. But we may observe, with moderation and justice, that almost every usual fallacy and fault of inference is to be found in this letter of his. He begs the question at the outset by assuming offhand that the Unionist "idea of governing Ireland" is "to regard its condition by the light and in accordance with the interests of the Irish landlords exclusively," and he continues to beg it with nearly the same ingenious audacity throughout. Indeed, he has even outgone the ingenuity of the schoolmen, and made fallacies which they have not classed. It is, perhaps, open to an apologist of the followers of Porphyry to plead that in their guilelessness they did not call the peculiar method of argument which Sir William adopts an argument at all. When the Commission reports that a certain portion of Irish tenants are not able to pay their rents, when Sir William Harcourt translates this, "The fall of prices and the defective produce of the soil throughout the whole of Ireland have created a practical impossibility to pay" the present rents, and when the puzzled reader, feeling that these two things are not quite the same, searches any logician on fallacies to find the name of the trick, the logician certainly has his excuse. "Really, my good sir," he may say, "in logic we have nothing to do with simple taradiddles. When your Sir William himself quotes the words 'has much impaired the ability to pay,' and then translates them into 'has created a practical impossibility to pay,' we really cannot class that as a fallacy, nor is it reasonable to expect us to do so." We do not here say anything about the further translations of the Commissioners' language, such as the introduction of the words "injustice," "moral wrong," and so forth, though it might be pertinent to ask Sir William how it can be "unjust" to let a man off his bargain (as probably every Irish landlord would be too happy to let his tenants off their bargain for his land) with an allowance of six months' or a year's arrears remitted? But the stronger peculiarities of the letter are enough.

Mr. Gladstone's epistle to the Particular, not to say pernicketty, Baptist is at any rate much more amusing. We gather that the Baptist is not so much anxious that Mr. Gladstone should not cut Ireland adrift, as that before doing so he should disestablish the English Church, hated of Baptists. Mr. Gladstone thinks differently, and gives the Baptist reasons for not being so particular. In the first place, as we all know, Mr. Gladstone does not like "abstract resolutions." But he is quite prepared for a rally on this point from the Baptist in the form of a remark that he (the B.) doesn't mind how concrete the resolution is, and is quite prepared for a Bill disestablishing and disendowing in one clause and at sight. Then Mr. Gladstone, to stop the enterprising foe, falls back on his favourite place near the ropes, and repeats the argument we have heard so often about the impossibility of doing anything, even the most admirable and useful work (such as handing over St. David's Cathedral and the ruins of the bishop's palace to the Salvation Army, with the revenue of the bishopric capitalized to enable General Booth to fit both up handsomely), until Ireland is got out of the way. But

the Baptist is young and tough, and evidently, as Mr. Gladstone thinks, devilish sly. "You may say," "You may ask," occur frequently by way of stops beforehand to this aggressive Non-conformist. Mr. Gladstone "does not say that Ireland ought to stop the way; he only says that it will," just as Mr. Weller would certainly not have affirmed that the passengers ought to be spilt at that nasty bit near the canal, but only that he rather thought they might. And we do not apologize for this injurious comparison, because it is quite obvious that Mr. Gladstone himself anticipated something like it. "You may ask," he says quite touchingly, "why not defer the Irish question?" Why not, indeed! Mr. Gladstone shall tell us, with other interesting things:—

Then you may ask why not defer the Irish question until these urgent British matters are settled? I reply that I have no more power than to defer the Irish question than I had to defer the earthquake which happened thirty-six hours ago in France and Italy. Any attempt by me to force a postponement of the Irish question would only add to the confusion and the pressure. I am not creating a difficulty but only pointing it out. The finger-post does not make the road.

I will, however, point out a main reason why this Irish question is so troublesome, obtrusive, and provoking. It is because it involves social order, and it is the nature of questions involving social order to push their claims to precedence over other questions.

In conclusion, I may also observe that your letter and article take no notice of the fact that I am in my 55th year of public service, and appear to assume that it is my duty to continue in such service until I drop. To this proposition I must, on what appear to me solid and even high grounds, respectfully demur.

Now these remarks are very interesting indeed. To be sure a handy and enterprising in-fighter such as the editor of the *Baptist* evidently is might get inside Mr. Gladstone's first guard rather damagingly. There is a good deal of difference between "not deferring" and "helping on"; and Mr. Gladstone's proceedings in regard to the road have surely been those of a most lively and peripatetic "finger-post," of a most supernaturally active indicator. We certainly should not have thought of calling Mr. Gladstone a finger-post, or a figure-head, or an old image of that sort at all. But does a finger-post (since finger-post there is) bring in Home Rule Bills and stump the country for Home Rule, and write letters by the bushel against anti-Home Rule candidates, and ransack for the first time in its fifty-five years of public service the history of its country in order to discover the devilry and blackguardism of that country's conduct? Certainly there stands a post of a very odd kind at Hawarden if Mr. Gladstone is one.

In the next paragraph, it will be observed, the finger-post becomes a Bunsby. Why is the Irish question so troublesome, obtrusive, and provoking? Why, because it involves social order, and it is in the nature of questions involving social order, &c. &c. Nothing can well be more luminous than that, and if anybody asks why questions involving social order are troublesome, obtrusive, and provoking, the answer is equally clear, especially to an improved Bunsby, a well-educated finger-post with a classical education and some taste of modern letters. *Quia est in illis virtus molesta, obtrusiva et provocatrix.* As for the last paragraph of all, it touches on such very delicate questions that we think it almost best to let it alone. Far, very far, be it from us to urge Mr. Gladstone to "continue in such service till he drops." He may sue out his *Nunc dimittis* with every possible facility as far as we are concerned. But really, really, is not this anxiety for retirement rather odd when he is taking upon himself such a very important new spell of work; or, to put it in another way, is it not a little unwise for a public servant who is undertaking so formidable a job to cry *Solve senescentem* in the same breath? If Gladstonians were more given to thinking, their reflections might be awkward; but probably Mr. Gladstone has a well-grounded confidence in their freedom from the malady of thought.

BREWERIES.

THE rapidity with which brewing firms are being converted into limited liability Companies, and the eagerness of the public to subscribe for the shares of these Companies, give peculiar interest to the Parliamentary return respecting brewers and brewers' licences which was issued last week, and its dry figures are being scanned with a good deal of attention. At first sight the most remarkable feature of this return, when compared with the returns of previous years, is the steady decline it shows to be going on in the number of brewers in the United Kingdom. In 1882 there were as many as 16,609 such brewers, and last year only 14,166, being a decrease in the four years of no fewer than 2,443, or considerably more than one-eighth. It will be recollected that the prospectus of Arthur Guinness & Sons showed that the average net profits for the period 1882-86 were as high as 452,294*l.* per annum; while for 1885 the profits amounted to the enormous sum of 554,327*l.* Compared with these figures Samuel Allsopp & Sons made but a moderate show. Still, their profits for the three last years averaged 229,826*l.*; while for the last year (the year ended the 30th June last) the profits were as much as 238,191*l.* It is evident from these two prospectuses that the profits of the brewing trade are enormous. How, then, are we to account for the fact that in so profitable a trade the number of persons engaged is steadily declining? Ordinarily one finds the very reverse. Upon an examination of the returns, however, our surprise entirely disappears. The number of brewers who brewed in the year less than a thousand barrels of beer was

in 1882 as many as 14,499, and this number had fallen last year to 12,157, being a decrease of 2,344. It is in this category that almost the entire decrease has taken place, and there is a further decrease in the number of brewers who brewed less than ten thousand barrels in the year. In the case of these small brewers it is natural that there should be a rapid extinction going on. In all business all over the world the tendency is at present to substitute great concerns for small. The smaller people with small capitals and few connexions are not able to avail themselves of the newest machinery of every kind, nor to purchase the highest skill, and naturally, therefore, they do not well sustain the keen competition with the greater enterprises. A firm or a company with unlimited credit has such enormous advantages that the wonder indeed is that the smaller people can withstand them at all. They can purchase the best skill in the market, and they can also command every new invention that is brought out. Wherever we turn, then, we see business concentrating itself in the hands of a few great houses or Companies; and this is in reality what is going on in the brewing trade. A few of the great breweries are driving the smaller people out of existence; the smaller houses are either amalgamating with one another, or selling out to their more fortunate competitors, or going into bankruptcy. In some way or other they are retiring from the business. There is nothing, therefore, inconsistent in the fact that the number of brewers is decreasing at the very time when brewers' profits are shown to be enormous. The real wonder is that there still exist in the United Kingdom more than twelve thousand brewers who last year each brewed less than a thousand barrels of beer.

Turning from the number of brewers to the amount brewed, so as to get some indication of the progress of the business last year, we find that the outturn was either stationary or declining. This is not surprising, for successive Chancellors of the Exchequer have told us year after year that the consumption of every kind of liquor has been falling off for a considerable time past. The falling off has not told much upon the greater brewers; it has not told at all upon some of the greater brewers; for, as the prospectus in Arthur Guinness & Sons showed, the growth of the Guinness business has been extraordinary of recent years. The average sales per annum rose from 196,125 hogsheads in the five years 1862-66 to as many as 755,235 hogsheads in the five years 1882-86. The revolution which is killing out the smaller people and aggrandizing the greater, in another form, makes the smaller people who remain suffer most from any adverse circumstance. But even for the very greatest brewers last year was not a very prosperous year. As we have said, the growth of Guinness's business has been marvellous for many years past. Last year it was practically stationary; for, although the return does not give the name of the brewers, it is easy to identify now the great brewers. The number of barrels brewed by Arthur Guinness & Sons in 1885 was 1,357,600, and last year it was 1,358,300. Practically, therefore, the business did not continue to grow last year. This may be purely temporary. After so rapid a progress as there has been for a long time past, it is hardly reasonable to expect that the growth should continue at the same rate. In the most prosperous businesses good years and bad years must alternate, however long may be the intervals between the bad years. But in the Guinness business last year cannot be said to have been a bad year; it simply shows a check in the development of the concern. Whether this check is more than temporary remains to be seen. The prestige of Guinness's porter, the enormous resources of every kind that the Company possesses, and its excellent management render it probable that the check is only temporary. Still, there is the fact that last year the business was scarcely larger than the year before. In the case of Samuel Allsopp & Sons the matter is far less favourable. In 1885 the number of barrels brewed was 737,600, but last year the number was only 650,100. There was here, therefore, a very considerable falling off. And, what is more, in 1885 there had been a very considerable falling off. The production last year was, in short, about twenty per cent. less than in 1884, and about eighteen per cent. less than the average for the three years ending 1885. This may be purely temporary. Many accidents may have combined to throw back the business, and the decline may be followed by rapid development; but it is not to be lost sight of that the consumption of all kinds of intoxicating liquor has been falling off for years; and, although the smaller brewers would naturally feel the effects most severely, it is quite possible that some of the greater firms may also have suffered. Further, it is not to be lost sight of that there is a considerable competition now carried on by the lighter German and Austrian beer. Guinness & Sons have not suffered from this competition; but it is possible that the firms and Companies less powerful than Guinness may have suffered more or less. The competition of these lighter ales would naturally be keener with the brewers of ale than with those of stout and porter.

The return, of course, gives us no information as to the profits realized by the different firms; but we know from the prospectuses both of Guinness and Allsopp that the profits last year were very large. The Guinness prospectus, it is true, came out long before the end of the year; but enough was known even then to enable a very close estimate to be made; while in the Allsopp case definite figures could probably be arrived at. In any event enough was known to warrant the statement that even last year the profits were very large in the case of Allsopp, although the falling off in production was so marked as we have shown it to have been. The profits were also enormous in Guinness's case; but in that case the production was simply stationary. One explanation of the largeness of these profits is that the prices of materials of all

kind have been falling for years past, but that the price of beer remains stationary. Practically, it would seem that the great brewers have established a monopoly, that there is no real competition between them, or, at any rate, that the competition is so regulated that they are able to keep up prices notwithstanding the extraordinary fall both in wages and in raw materials of every kind. Another explanation, though we believe it does not apply to Guinness & Sons, is that brewers own a large number of licensed houses. These houses are, of course, obliged to buy their beer from the owning brewers, and are obliged to buy it at the brewer's own price. The profits of these houses are doubtless very large, and help to swell the enormous gains of the brewers. Of recent years, too, the value of these houses has been steadily rising, for the tendency of late has been to restrict the number of licences issued, and, consequently, to increase the value of all existing licences. This is a matter with which probably the Legislature will deal sooner or later. But the question of real interest for investors in breweries at present is how long are brewers likely to be able to keep up the price of beer when the prices of materials and wages have fallen so considerably. There appears to be no reasonable doubt that a great change is taking place in the habits of the people. At first, when wages began to rise rapidly after the great construction of railways, the repeal of the Corn-laws, and the gold discoveries, there was an excessive indulgence in the use of ardent spirits; but as the working classes became accustomed to the better incomes, and consequently to a higher standard of living, they sobered down, and expended more of their money upon comforts and less upon mere intemperance. The change has been intensified by the spread of education, by the growth of benefit societies of all kinds, by association in co-operative enterprise, and by the commercial and agricultural depression which is threatening the newly-acquired prosperity of the people, as well as by the temperance movement, which is now so actively on foot all over the country. It seems reasonable to infer that, as the people acquire more temperate habits and the demand for mere stimulants thus falls off, there must be a decline in the price of beer. Yet it is to be recollected that population and wealth are steadily growing, and that even a moderate consumption of beer may quite suffice to prevent any such reduction of price as would materially affect the dividends of the greater Companies.

THE OLD AND THE NEW FARMERS.

THE farmers of the old school are fast disappearing, and the Poyzers of the Hall Farms will soon be as scarce as the bustard or the bittern. They have not only suffered from hard times, but they have succumbed to the exigencies of modern improvements. Not only have they to face the competition of cattle shipped from the American ranches, and of wheat grown on the reclaimed bison-grounds of the Far West, on the boundless plains of Russia, and on the banks of the great Indian rivers; but nowadays, if a big farm can be made to pay at all, well nigh everything must be done by machinery. We cannot, and perhaps we would not if we could, recall the past, but we may be pardoned if we look back to it regretfully. Not only are the new changes deplorable from the picturesque point of view, but they have been anything but clear gain to the rural population. In spite of the applications of science in the shape of steam-power and artificial manures; notwithstanding the modern system of credit which draws bills on the local bank against growing crops and beasts that are being stall-fed, the farmers are having a desperate fight of it, and if their fields were being drained like their capital, they would be better off than they are. With their steam-ploughs and their patent implements of all kinds, they may still employ as much labour as before, and at certain seasons of the year may give higher wages; but the demand for hands comes in rushes and at doubtful intervals. Frugal guardians of the farmers' interests have been keeping down rates by discouraging the erection of cottages for labourers who may come sooner or later on the parish. The consequence being that labour is unsettled; that the employer has lost touch with his working folks, who are now always on the outlook for new engagements; and that the field hands have been crowding into the manufacturing towns, lowering mechanics' wages, and increasing the chronic poverty by an influx of unskilled but stalwart competitors.

To the modern farmer with a middle-sized holding, hesitating between emigration and the gloomy prospect of the workhouse, the pictures of the days of fifty years ago must seem like a dream of Eden. There had been ups and downs, no doubt, after the inflated prices of the long European war; but, on the whole, and one year with another, the farmers comfortably held their own. Their eternal grumbling was a real luxury, because they generally knew there was small reason for it. The farms might be high-rented; but landlords of the good old stamp knew that little was to be gained by parting with honest and industrious tenants; they either gave time or timely reductions. The model tenant, like Mr. Poyser, was solvent and safe; he was economical, hard-working, but not enterprising. The landlord sympathized with his aversion to enterprise, and both heartily detested all new-fangled inventions. On such an occasion as the memorable visit of Mr. Donnothorne, when he was driven to beat an ignominious retreat before the geese, the farm cur, and the grinning "wenches," Mr. Poyser would come in stripped of coat and neckcloth, in the reassuring sweat of severe personal

exertions. We can picture the expression of Mrs. Poyser's face had the agent of some firm in Liverpool or Chester proposed to sell her a cottage piano, on the assumption that any one under her roof was capable of performing on the instrument. The music she loved was the clatter of the milk-cans. No oil-cake had been carted into Mr. Poyser's yard; with the exception of a possible sprinkling of bone-dust, no manures were scattered over his fields but what came from the stables or the well-filled cow-sheds; and in place of the spasmodic activity of the steam threshing-machine, some dozen of flails were plied indefatigably in the great barn through the darkened days of the wearisome winter. Yet to the unscientific eye the Hall Farm was a picture of plenty, prosperity, and beauty. The straight furrows were thrown up, though perhaps somewhat superficially, by teams of sturdy horses that never turned a hair. The stolid carters, heavily ballasted with their breakfasts of cold beans and bacon, of porridge and bunks of home-made bread, took a fatherly or brotherly pride in the docile animals they tended. The sleek cows for the dairy, though they might not have been crossed from famous strains or descended from pedigrees commemorated in the "Herd Book," were a sight to see as they lazily switched their tails beneath the apple-trees in the orchard or under the alders by the brook in the shadows of the home paddocks. The worthy farmer was very like his own stock, and had almost as few cares. He had learned to live in the day; to set off the rough against the smooth; and to comfort himself in the most exasperating of seasons with a sanguine belief in averages. He ran no long bills; he paid for all purchases at the fairs with ready money, carrying the bank-notes in a venerable pocket-book and the guineas in a canvas bag. The old farmer's habits were simplicity itself. Unless he were in a very large way of business indeed, he contented himself with much the same fare as his labourers; and would smoke his pipe in the midst of them in the kitchen when they had supped together, chatting over the work of the day and the morrow. He was given to hospitality, but guests were rare; for his neighbours, after a hard day's labour, loved the snug repose of their own chimney-corners. Now and again, however, between seed-time and harvest, he would break out in a grand festivity. William Howitt has described one of these annual festivals, and though Howitt's descriptions are usually true to the life, we can hardly help suspecting him for once of over-colouring. He paints gargantuan appetites and the rustic profusion of a Camacho's feast, with a round of banqueting and revelry, between the solid "snack" before the one o'clock dinner and the substantial supper that closed the evening dance. The low-roofed rooms, swept and garnished for the great occasion, were redolent of savoury odours from turkeys, geese, and fowls, from hams and tongues and rich pigeon pies, not to speak of the real *pièces de résistance* in the shape of saddles and sirloins. There were "kickshaws" in the way of sweets, in equal abundance, from plum-puddings and pastry to cakes and whipped creams. At these prodigal merry-makings there was even wine for those who liked it; but the favourite tipple was the strong nut-brown home-brewed, corrected by stronger spirits and water. Nor was his entertainment very costly, when nine-tenths of the food and drink was supplied from the farmyard, the dairy, and the brew-house. Peaceful digestion waited on insatiable appetite; and host and guests went about their work by times the next morning, as if they had signed the solemn covenant of total abstinence and been practising the moderation of a tramp in the casual ward.

The sons of those hearty old farmers had been brought up in the paternal habits, and hoped to plod forward, peaceably paying their way, in the smooth old-fashioned grooves. In that they were disappointed. The son and heir-apparent of sturdy old Hodge found himself face to face with a changing state of things. The first sinister warnings came in the shape of quotations from great centres of business disturbing the steady local rates. The causes of those mysterious and startling fluctuations began slowly to dawn on his intelligence as they were quickly brought home to his pockets. Steamships at first from New York and Odessa, and afterwards from Alexandria and Bombay, were discharging cheap cargoes of grain in the docks of London and Liverpool. The railways were forcing him forward in spite of himself, as they were offering him new and unfamiliar facilities of which he was naturally slow to take advantage. The farmers of the old school had come into competition with the spirited agriculturist of the new style. Rents had been showing a tendency to fall with the cheapening importations of foreign corn and cattle. But the old tenants rarely reaped the benefits of the decline. Landlords with encumbrances or accustomed to expensive habits cast about for new customers for their land, and these were ready enough to offer themselves while times were still fairly prosperous and when money was almost going begging in the markets. The *raison d'être* of the multiplication of showy provincial branch banks was the new agricultural interest that looked to them for regular advances. Say that ten pounds per acre is a reasonable capital for making farming remunerative. If the new man found half the money, he could readily borrow the other half. Knowing that he was lending on a tolerably safe margin, the courteous manager was always willing to accommodate. The bills were taken up or renewed as they fell due, but the borrower, who paid the 6 per cent., was bound to turn over the money somehow. Moreover, when bidding high for the farm, he had stipulated with the landlord for certain advances for permanent improvements, at 5 or 6 per cent. The sheds that had sufficed for the old herds of cattle were to be rebuilt; he went in

for thorough draining and deep ploughing. Guano was introduced in 1841, and subsequently a succession of costly artificial manures were introduced and accepted as indispensable to intelligent farming. Those manures and the patent cattle foods became the rage, and the hobbies which came to grief under many a hard rider. Then there were marked, but costly, improvements in the strains of cattle and sheep; neither flesh nor fleeces fetched their fair prices unless you could give certificates to the stocks from whence they came. The very vegetation in the fields came to be treated on scientific principles; and seedsmen sprang into celebrity in the market towns who did a flourishing business in new species of roots and in fancy grass-seeds. Although it is but fair to say that these last investments were perhaps the most satisfactory of all; for it will be owing to our superior grasses if we may still hope to hold our own against the more coarsely nourished beasts from the American and Australian ranches. We have spoken already of the universal application of machine-power, meaning much expenditure of money, whether it be bought or merely hired. But, in fact, it is machinery replacing manual labour that makes the chief difference between the old school and the new. The old farmer trusted to time, and left time to go along at his own pace. To the new farmer time means money, and he is always trying to force the running. The old farmer let his beasts fatten slowly on their natural food; the new farmer provokes their appetites with stimulants, and packs the flesh upon their ribs under artificial pressure. The old farmer, with a limited number of regular labourers, got in the hay and the wheat crops as he could; the new farmer pays fancy prices for short engagements, backs up his engines with a host of temporary hands, and so wins his crops in higher condition and hedges against the uncertainties of the climate. There is good and bad in both systems; but the new system is the more speculative, and in its outgoings by far the most costly. So when bad seasons succeed each other, and prices fall, and bankers, growing uneasy, begin to contract their advances, the new system of credit-farming is shaken to its base, and there are panics in the fields as there are convulsions on the Stock Exchanges. The piano, the smart dogcart, and the neat little pony-carriage are brought to the hammer on a bill of sale; the farmer, thoroughly cleaned out, goes through the ordeal of insolvency, and the landlord is left with acres on his hands that have been sadly impoverished after being artificially pampered.

Unhappily, the short but eventful career of the scientific and unsuccessful speculator leaves its traces on the picturesque aspects of the county. Fences have been straightened, shady hedgerows have been grubbed, the umbrageous hedge-timber has been ruthlessly felled, the leafy copses that used to shelter the song-birds have been levelled, till, between the embarrasments of the landlord and the "improvements" of the tenant, what were once the sweetest and most sylvan districts of rural England have come to resemble the vast corn-factories beyond the Atlantic, with their fenceless expanses of arable land and their hideous homesteads of shingle.

SALES OF MEZZOTINTS.

WHEN a little more than two years ago we reviewed in the *Saturday Review* Mr. Chaloner Smith's Descriptive Catalogue of British Mezzotints, and Dr. Hamilton's Catalogue of the engraved works of Sir Joshua Reynolds, we certainly did not anticipate how soon the collections which so largely aided the authors would make their appearance in the sale-room. That Mr. Chaloner Smith's numerous and valuable mezzotints would some day come into the market was only to be expected; the author himself acknowledging that his object in bringing them together was to gain the information which would enable him to complete and publish his Descriptive Catalogue; but any foreboding that the prints, mezzotint or "stipple," after the portraits by Sir Joshua, which formed part of the superb collections of the then Duke of Buccleuch, would some day appear at Messrs. Christie's, to be scattered to the four winds of heaven as other precious or meaner things have been, never entered into our imagination; still less did we suppose that the Rembrandts, the most comprehensive and in some respects the finest private collection in the world, would ever be consigned to the auctioneer, and together with them other treasures for which his Grace's cabinet was famous—Dürers, Ostades, and Marc Antonios—but "*Sic transit . . .*" is true of many things besides cherished portfolios. We are, thanks perhaps to the wisdom which elevates "the masses," daily growing more utilitarian; sale succeeds sale; the owners of rare and unequalled collections, impelled, it may be, by causes of which we have no cognizance, part with their possessions; soon nothing will be sacred, and some of us may live to see the British Museum despoiled, or receive Mr. Christie's advertisement of a twenty days' sale in the National Gallery, the proceeds to be devoted to such prudent use as may be suggested, and the places of the missing prints or pictures be filled with a popular selection of photogravures and oleographs. There is, of course, another side to the question; but just now we can only feel regret at the dispersal of collections, one at least of which can never again be brought together. Some amateur who unites the necessary qualifications of sufficient fortune and unusual judgment may hope to rival the Duke's portfolios of mezzotints; but to equal his collection of Rembrandts is impossible.

It may be safely asserted that, except in so far as they are transcripts in black and white of the works of Reynolds and others of the great masters of portraiture, mezzotints are not generally appreciated. This partly arises from the fact that a copper plate, when mezzotinted, yields so small a number of impressions before it becomes worn that the results are commonly unsatisfactory, and really fine examples are almost exceptional. The contrast between an early proof and a later print can hardly be overlooked by even the most superficial observer; and as indifferent if not positively worthless impressions are by far the more numerous, inexperienced collectors, ever sensitive to adverse opinions, and rarely possessing the courage of their own, are inclined to hesitate before they secure what may prove a more than doubtful bargain. They know that they are practically safe with etchings by an acknowledged master. A *state* is a *state*; and, thanks to the labours, ill understood and too little appreciated, of those who have devoted their energies to the compilation of descriptive catalogues, the purchaser of an etching knows, or ought to know, exactly what it is that he is adding to his portfolios; but even Mr. Chaloner Smith and Dr. Hamilton combined cannot always pilot him safely through the shoals which will surround him as an amateur in mezzotints, or enable him to decide upon the exact artistic value of that which he secures for his cabinet. For instance, we may refer to the mezzotint by MacArdell of Sir Joshua's portrait of Miss Ann Day. At the very time we write there are two impressions from the plate in the Gallery of the Burlington Fine Arts Club; they are indexed in the catalogue as first and second states; the principal variation which marks the so-called second is sufficiently distinctive, the background being worked into a curtain; but, quite apart from this distinction, the inferiority of the later impression in the Gallery is unmistakable. In the Buccleuch collection, No. 739 in the catalogue, is another impression from MacArdell's plate; it is a print of great richness and purity of tone, and, what connoisseurs will well understand, was taken apparently before the plate was cleaned. We say *apparently*, for the print shows the variation in the curtain which is recorded as distinguishing the later state. Turning to the descriptive catalogues, we find Dr. Hamilton and Mr. Chaloner Smith are hopelessly at variance; and, as probably there are no other authorities with anything like their claim upon our confidence, we know not how we should decide. We only know, and it introduces a new element of perplexity, that after MacArdell's death his plates fell into the hands of one Sayer, a print-dealer, who is said not only to have completed those which were unfinished, but to have tampered with others, falsifying them so as to resemble proofs. If this fine print has been thus treated, the work has been so skilfully executed that no trace of it can be detected; we prefer to suppose there is some error in the description rather than acknowledge that so beautiful an example of MacArdell has been anywhere reworked.

Of the many exquisite impressions in the ducal collection, there are some which seem to demand special remark—such, for instance, are those executed by Valentine Green, the portraits of Miss Sarah Campbell, No. 655, of Lady Betty Delmé, No. 713, of Lady Compton, No. 686, and, perhaps finest of all, the portraits in one group seated at a table of the three grand-nieces of Horace Walpole, the Ladies Laura, Maria, and Horatia Waldegrave. The original picture, it will be remembered, lent by Lord Carlingford, appeared in the Grosvenor Gallery in the winter of 1883-4. The work of J. R. Smith is seen at its best in No. 678, a little girl feeding chickens, the portrait of Lady Catharine Clinton; in 846, the Hon. Francis Ingram-Shepherd; in 661, the portrait of Mrs. Carnac, and in 736, the portraits of Mrs. Payne Gallwey and her child. W. Dickenson is represented by, among others, 698, the Viscountess Crosbie; 964, Mrs. Pelham; and by 1026, the beautiful profile portrait of Mrs. Sheridan as St. Cecilia. With these may be placed 849, Miss Jacobs, by Spilsbury; Mrs. Irwin, 848, by J. Watson; and, also by J. Watson, the lovely portrait of Nelly O'Brien, 948; an unfinished proof of the same plate is No. 949, upon which the painter has with his own hand deepened and corrected the shadows as a guide to the engraver. The sweet little "Mob-cap," Penelope Boothby, by Park, No. 615, is less satisfactory, and not to be compared with the recent etching by Cousins, which, with his "Miss Brooke," will bear comparison with the finest examples of earlier mezzotint. But to enumerate all the prints in this collection worthy of attention would be almost to reprint the catalogue, and we can only regret that they have not been secured as a whole for the British Museum Print Room, that, by judicious selection from these and from the mezzotints already in the care of the Trustees, a complete and entirely satisfactory collection might be formed which would be representative of what has properly been described as a national art.

We have left ourselves little space for reference to the gems of Mr. Chaloner Smith's collection, the first portion of which, entirely mezzotint, extends to more than 1,800 entries. The descriptive catalogue to which we referred gives some idea of its comprehensiveness. Of the other portion of the Buccleuch collection we shall speak later on; its treasures, though mostly well known to us, are not yet on view.

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER.

THERE is reason to fear that the popularity of old comedy may for a time be injured by inadequate representation. Not long since at the Strand Theatre there was given a series of performances which were not more than respectable in their best features, and now at the Opera Comique a company of limited capacity, under the inexperienced guidance of Miss Kate Vaughan, is showing how an author's vitality can shine through feeble interpretation. The mischief of this does not pass away with the fall of the curtain. A considerable class of spectators, upon whose support the playhouse in a great measure depends, adopt the impression that old comedy is dull—as it is when dully treated; instead, therefore, of managers being induced to seek out what is most worthy of revival in the bygone theatre, the few accepted works will probably fall into ill repute for a while, and so one of the most delightful functions of the modern stage, that of reproducing the glories of the past, will lapse. In the revival of *She Stoops to Conquer* Mr. Lionel Brough's Tony Lumpkin is the solitary acceptable performance. The study is a familiar one, and some critics are accustomed to condemn what they regard as its excess; but we are by no means certain that the comedian is very far wrong. This Tony is boisterous and noisy, loutish and uncouth, but genial and high-spirited before all else; and is not this the Tony of Goldsmith? We know how Tony passed his time, for we see him in the enjoyment of his chosen happiness, and Mr. Hardcastle further enlightens us. He burns the footman's shoes, frightens the maids, and esteems it a special stroke of wit to tie his stepfather's wig to the back of his chair, so that when he rises to make a bow he pops his bald head into Mrs. Frizzle's face. We see his chosen companions, the frequenters of "The Three Pigeons," the man who is obligated to dance a bear, but damns anything that's low, and the rest. Bet Bouncer is his ideal of lovely woman, and in his estimation she is on a level with the miller's grey mare. His father-in-law had been calling him whelp and hound for the last half-year, and the landlord of the "Pigeons" describes his honoured patron when his back is turned in very much stronger terms than those employed by Mr. Hardcastle. The notion of sending the two travellers to his father-in-law's house, and bidding them call stoutly about them, demonstrates Tony's idea of a jest. The punch has circulated freely at the alehouse; for when Tony told his companions to "drink about and be merry," he doubtless set them the example, and this was after a dinner at which it is tolerably safe to assume that the lad had not spared the old wine which Hardcastle kept and admitted that he loved. Goldsmith has drawn his man with a good deal of detail. We know what Tony Lumpkin was, and we see the rollicking fashion in which he has passed his afternoon. His boisterousness, as exhibited by Mr. Lionel Brough, does not strike us as unnatural or overdone; and the heartiness with which the actor throws himself into the interpretation seems to us refreshingly true to life. Later in life, sobered down a little, Tony would grow into very much the sort of country squire typified in Addison's *Tory Foxhunter*. If his neighbours did not agree with him, one would be a dog, another a whelp, and another a cur. Does the reader remember Addison's account? "Upon our arrival at the inn, my companion teased out the jolly landlord, who knew him by his whistle. Many endearments and private whispers passed between them"—is not this Tony when he has inherited his fifteen hundred a year?

Nowhere else in the revival of *She Stoops to Conquer* do we recognize the spirit of Goldsmith. Miss Kate Vaughan plays gracefully enough, and is much more successful than she was as Lydia Languish; but the study of Kate Hardcastle is too slight to be effective, and her companion Miss Neville, undertaken by Miss Gwynne, lacks refinement and distinction. Miss Neville was a rustic beauty, a country girl, but as here acted there is nothing to raise her above the rank of a lady's-maid. The Mrs. Hardcastle of Mrs. Billington has no humour, and this family failing is shared by Mr. Fernandez. In describing Miss Vaughan's company as of limited capacity we hesitated for a moment, remembering what excellent work Mr. Fernandez has often done; but we let the phrase stand because the limits of his art certainly do not include the performance of standard comedy characters. He is stern where he should be easy, grave where he should be light, his earnestness is misplaced. Mr. Forbes Robertson is also very wide of the mark as Young Marlow. He is totally deficient in the vivacity which is a chief requisite for the performance of the character.

A TYPICAL FRENCH LONDONER.

THE death of M. Eugène Rimmel removes from the French colony in London one of its most remarkable members, and is an event which will be keenly felt by his poor compatriots, to whom his name was synonymous with all that is kind and benevolent. M. Rimmel was something more than a merely successful commercial man. He possessed exceptional literary and scientific ability. Born in Paris some sixty-seven years ago, he began his career at a very early age, and before he was forty was already renowned as a perfumer all over the world, for the "Maison Rimmel" has its branch establishments in every capital of Europe and America, and one or two even in the East and in Australia. When he was about twenty-five he formed the acquaintance of Alexandre Dumas père, and soon obtained ad-

mission into the first literary circles of Paris. Then began his life-long intimacy with Victor Hugo, who always sent him a copy of his works as they appeared, with his autograph in the front page, accompanied by some graceful line of affectionate compliment. Once established in London, M. Rimmel continued the traditions of his early youth, and in his handsome apartment in the Strand has often gathered some of the most famous literary and artistic personages of our time. He was passionately fond of music, and entertained with great hospitality the principal foreign artists who happened to be passing through London. On Lord Mayor's Day there was sure to be a charming circle assembled at "Rimmel's," to see the time-honoured pageant pass down the Strand. Here sometimes you might see M. Gounod, Mme. Marie Marimon, "Miss Braddon," Miss Elizabeth Philp, Signor Bottesini, Mrs. Henry Wood, Mlle. Pauline Lucen, and other celebrities too numerous to mention. The dinner was always worthy of the company—a real French dinner, with a *pot au feu* to be obtained nowhere else in London—and wines grown on M. Rimmel's own vineyard at Varennes.

M. Rimmel was a voluminous writer on botanical subjects, and a contributor to numerous French periodicals. For many years past he was Correspondent for the *Patrie*; and his weekly letters were always full of sprightly gossip, related with inimitable vivacity. Some years ago he published a remarkable work on *Perfumes*, with a delightful preface by his friend Alphonse Karr. Only a few years ago he finished his translation of *Othello*, altogether the best ever made into French verse. At the time of his death he was busily engaged on a translation of *Romeo and Juliet*, which promised to rival its predecessor in accuracy and finish.

It is, however, as a philanthropist, rather than as a literary man, that M. Rimmel deserves to be long remembered by his countrymen in London. It is principally owing to his energy and liberality that the French Hospital in Leicester Square has been founded, and has become what it is—one of the best in London. He had hoped to live to see it transferred to larger and better premises, and was engaged upon schemes for this desired object, when he was stricken by his last illness. His charity was boundless. He hated, by the way, the word *philanthropist*. "Call me charitable," he would say; "I prefer it." This implies a distinction with a difference which would be easily understood by anybody who ever had the privilege of seeing M. Rimmel seated any Friday night at his table in the small room of the French Benevolent Society, founded and almost entirely supported by himself. There was a gentle courtesy, a true old-fashioned French politeness, recalling the *ancien régime*, used by him when speaking to the poor, which was touchingly charming, and often won tears of gratitude from his unfortunate friends. He could not speak harshly or even severely to them. Not long ago, among his unhappy clients was a poor woman, tattered and dirty, who eagerly pressed for a small donation of a few shillings to save herself from being turned out of her wretched rooms. It was given to her in so good a manner, that the writer heard her say, "Dieu! que vous êtes bon, monsieur; vous me parlez comme si j'étais encore une dame!" He had quickly read the sad story of social degradation in the poor pinched face, and, without any further question, rose, left his seat, and, with all the politeness he would have used to a lady under his own roof, escorted the poor soul to the door, sending her home with something substantial to relieve, at least for the time, her misery. This anecdote sums up in a few words the whole character of a good and accomplished man.

NEW ETCHINGS.

THE public have noticed with interest, and for the most part with pleasure, an entirely new manner of using the etching tools which has sprung into favour of late. Owing its origin chiefly to the practice of those who reproduced pictures, this new method rivalled the laborious minuteness of the graver and endeavoured to cope with the natural capabilities of the brush in the realization of tone, atmosphere, and to some extent even of colour. It cannot be denied that, at first at any rate, while they sacrificed the intrinsic beauty of the free, simple, and suggestive etching line, this new school wholly failed to substitute for those which they had abandoned any fresh plastic qualities or new material beauties. They obtained a less satisfactory sum of actual truths about atmosphere than was produced with ease, freedom, and appropriateness by the more straightforward and obvious methods of smudging in paint or chalk; and the style of their work certainly looked cumbersome, ragged, and laborious. Regarded as an art, their work, in fact, offered only the somewhat sensational pleasure one takes in the sight of an acrobat achieving a result in the most difficult and unnatural way. Doubtless the utilitarian and industrial value of a process which permitted almost any artist to popularize his pictures by a free-and-easy method of engraving floated the movement at the beginning, and suffered it gradually to acquire the proportions of a separate art. Such it has now become in the hands of men who employ it, not only for the purposes of reproduction, but as a direct means of recording original impressions of nature. Lovers of the line still abide by the traditions of the past, and they are unquestionably in the right. Yet there may be room, also, for an art which has so far departed from the old track that it can hardly be

judged by the same canons. At any rate the new etching threatens to advance still further, and it is perhaps better that such able practitioners as Mr. R. W. Macbeth should cut adrift entirely from the old legitimate style of etching, and boldly steer a course for a new art. There is no doubt but that any candid lover of the strict etching who visits Mr. Dunthorne's, in Vigo Street, will confess that Mr. Robert Macbeth has managed to develop some new qualities of style in place of the older conventions which he has discarded. Whatever may be their personal predilection in favour of the old or their fears for the future of the new processes, few can help seeing, not merely ingenuity, but also art and sentiment, in the workmanship of the etchings after Mason's "May of Life," and Titian's "Bacchus and Ariadne." The "May of Life" appears to us the most really notable of this etcher's work. It is, perhaps, less curious in aspect than the "Bacchus and Ariadne," less striking as a representation of the general tone, colour, and solid texture of an oil-painting; but it approaches more nearly to a perfect recreation in another medium of the sentiment expressed in a picture. Mr. Macbeth knows Mason of old, and sympathizes thoroughly with his work. As in duty bound, he has given us the main lines of the half-romantic and half-classic composition; but, in conveying also the sentiment of the style, the elegant treatment of the branches, and the artistic subordination of the detail, his etching of "The May of Life" possesses all the merit of an adaptation of the idea into a foreign medium. This is, of course, more especially the case, as far as the colour quality of the etching is concerned. Naturally any suggestion of the colour scheme of a picture which may be achieved in black and white can only stand in some such merely figurative relation to the real thing that appropriate music does to words. But a due perception of such affinities may, and indeed must, call for those very artistic qualities which are wanting in the photographic mind of a pure copyist. Mr. Macbeth has devoted his rare gift of sensitiveness to this task. He has tried every sort of new method till, at last, guided by his artistic instinct, he can see or feel his way clearly among the ugly jumble of processes which seemed at first to constitute the new art. In the "May of Life" he has tried something which we cannot remember to have ever seen attempted. He has caused the etching to be printed in inks of two colours, which adds to his resources for the expression of atmosphere and effect. Whether this idea is capable of being carried further depends probably upon the printer's art. Indeed, a great deal of the effect of these modern etchings requires an intelligent co-operation on the part of the printer, which is all too rare. The old simplicity of etching has passed away; its production has become a composite business. These modern plates could not have been printed several years ago, and it is one of their weaknesses that under the old system of printing their impressions would be shorn of half their merits. Hence the value of these etchings, though undoubtedly, consists chiefly in convenient multiplication of transcripts of pictures. In original designs a still more artistic and painter-like effect can be produced on a smooth copper-plate without any etching at all by smudging with the finger or a brush, but then only a single impression can be taken. Considered apart from picture reproduction, and as an independent means of expression, we do not, therefore, think so very highly of the new departure in etching. At any rate, it seems to us somewhat fanatic to proclaim, as Mr. Francis Bate has done in his book, *The Naturalistic School of Painting*, that "the etching line and the engraving line are legitimate only so long as they are used to present tone." We will not go so far as to say that they may be used for nothing except form; yet it seems a non-sense to choose colour and tone as the special province of a pointed instrument which is bound to make a line. The etching-needle can only imitate the work of the brush laboriously, and though something useful and wonderful may be thus achieved, the result will not readily eclipse the natural beauty, ease, grace, and suggestiveness of the pure etched line. Mr. A. H. Haig's large view of "The Cathedral of St. George" at Limburg on the Lahn, now on view at Mr. Dunthorne's, is a good example of original etching in full-toned imitation of a picture. Its merit lies in large composition, strong effect, and bold suggestion of colour. Its defects are a stiffness of workmanship and a want of breadth occasioned by too much tone and too many blacks of equal force. Thus the middle distance contains too vigorous a realization and too great differences of tone. The rock bearing the buildings, instead of keeping back as a tranquil mass of dark, produces a spotty effect, and becomes mixed with the foreground tree.

IN THE TWO HOUSES.

THE Lords are still scoring in the way of business. If things go on as they have been going for some weeks, to speak only of the present Session, the jingle about ending or mending that assembly, which is Mr. John Morley's contribution to the reform of Parliamentary procedure, will cease to do even for a public meeting at Newcastle. The House has been doing its Private Bill work with the diligence which it always shows in business of this kind. In this connexion it has unfortunately wounded the susceptibilities of Lord Granville, not as Lord Granville, but as Warden of the Cinque Ports. Lord Stanhope has introduced a Bill for transferring the control of the inner harbour of Dover from the Harbour

Board to the Corporation of that town. Parliamentary purists in the Upper Houses, not taking Sir William Harcourt's view of technicalities as things that ought to be swept away, have declaimed against the enormity of repealing a public by a private Act. Lord Granville further objects to the Bill as diminishing his authority and usefulness as Lord Warden. In his modesty he has no doubt that a single town councillor might be more than equal to him, but he doubts whether five town councillors would make one Lord Palmerston or Duke of Wellington, or be a match for his own, we hope, distant successor. Detached from local interest and in contact with national business, as a Minister and as a Parliamentary leader, Lord Granville has been able to think of England when a town councillor might be thinking only of Dover. "Dover Harbour," as he reminded the Peers, "is not a mere local harbour. It is a national port, and one of the chief highways to the Continent. It is strongly fortified." It is gratifying to find that Lord Granville out of office can think and speak like an Englishman; and that the safety of England counts for something in his eyes. He presents himself to us in a new aspect as *Comes litoris Gallici*; and it is an aspect in which we are glad to see him. We do not doubt that, if occasion should offer, he would be found emulating one of his predecessors, the blackguard Pitt, and drilling his squad of volunteers or militiamen in preparation for a French invasion. A Lord Warden is conceivable in these days who would believe the duties of the office fittingly discharged in welcoming the advanced corps of a French army arriving through Sir Edward Watkin's Channel tunnel, and acting as a glorified station-master. Lord Granville is scarcely associated so closely with a keen sense of the national honour and a vigilant eye to the national safety as some of his predecessors—as Pitt and Wellington and Palmerston. Nevertheless, there is a good deal of force in his contention; and the Peers will do well to reconsider the proposal of putting one of the gates of England under the control of a local Town Council. The Dover Town Councillors may claim, as "men of Kent," to be the "vanguard of liberty"; but perhaps the local police come more fittingly within their province than the national defences. The Bill was read a second time by a very small majority—fifty to forty-five. Probably it would have been rejected if Lord Salisbury had not disclaimed any positive opinion in favour of the project, and urged its reference to a Select Committee for the sake of more thorough investigation. In the opinion of everybody but Mr. Bright and Sir Wilfrid Lawson, who probably would desire to see the future officers of our army ill-housed and ill-trained, the conversation between Lord Stafford and Lord Harris on the sanitary and disciplinary condition of Woolwich and Sandhurst was worth at least as much time as it occupied. The same may be said of the dialogue on bimetallicism between the Duke of Marlborough and Lord Salisbury. In the House of Commons the dialogue would have been a debate in which they would have said most who knew and thought least. The Archbishop of Canterbury's Church Patronage Bill, Lord Stanley of Preston's Railway and Canal Rates Bill, Lord Thurlow's Electric Lighting Bill—in the discussion on which Lord Salisbury made a sensible protest against the grandmotherly pretensions of the Board of Trade—Lord Hobhouse's Copyholds Enfranchisement Bill, Lord Bramwell's Law of Evidence Amendment Bill, allowing accused persons to give testimony—all these measures are at least serious attempts at useful legislation, creditably distinguished in themselves and in the sensible and pointed discussion which they provoked from the fantastic projects and the wild talk which waste the time of Parliament and the public in the House of Commons.

England has been called very frequently the mother of Parliaments. We fear that she is becoming the grandmother or the great-grandmother of them. The House of Commons has fallen into a more than amiable garrulity, in comparison with which Mrs. Nickleby's conversation was lucid and to the point. Probably in this it too truly represents the helpless and distraught condition of the electoral body. If you wait long enough, old jokes, like other old things, become new, and when the Saturnian Kingdoms return they may possibly bring some revived witticisms with them as fresh and pointed as when they were first made. With this apology, perhaps we may be permitted to say that, if Mr. Peel were asked by Her Majesty what the House of Commons had passed, he might reply, as one of his predecessors did to Queen Elizabeth, "Six weeks." Mr. Gladstone having winked from Hawarden at the waste of sixteen Parliamentary sittings on the Address, and protested against giving to the consideration of Procedure the priority which he always insisted on when he was in office, suddenly discovered that there was a legal necessity of making some progress with the Estimates. Legality, he said, above all things. "My friends," said Mr. Pecksniff, "let us be moral." "Let us be legal, my friends," cries Mr. Gladstone. It is much to be desired that he would transfer his revived reverence for legality to Ireland. His opinion of the Plan of Campaign appears to be that it serves his purpose. Now that a jury has disagreed in the case of Mr. Dillon and his associates, Mr. Gladstone, who was waiting for the verdict, may hold himself free to give to their proceedings the approval which he held in suspense. It would be interesting to know what he thinks of Archbishop Croke's suggested Anti-Tax Campaign. We speak of the Archbishop's suggested campaign, for it would be absurd to suppose that Dr. Croke is merely deploring an opportunity missed in 1882, and is not rather fomenting a conspiracy in 1887. In this matter, too, Mr. Gladstone probably will be unable to make up his own mind until an Irish jury has made the question of law and

morality clear to him. What Sir William Harcourt will say may easily be guessed. He will see in Archbishop Croke an Irish and nineteenth-century version of Archbishop Longton. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach told the House of Commons that the Government is seriously considering the Archbishop's declaration. But that any one can do, and many people are doing. A Government, we venture to think, ought to do something more. His speeches on Thursday night, when the supplementary vote for the Irish Constabulary was taken, give promise of this something. The anger and terror which the Irish members displayed were proof that the Chief Secretary knows how to deal with them.

These questions of Irish policy have, however, only incidentally engaged the House of Commons. While professing an earnest desire to approach Irish business, and proclaiming its immediate handling to be a condition of social order, Mr. Gladstone and Sir William Harcourt conspire with Irish revolutionists and English demagogues and charlatans to prevent the Government taking it in hand. Mr. Gladstone, with whom a sense of Parliamentary propriety still lingers, and who still respects appearances, does not himself openly obstruct. Decorum is the tribute Mr. Gladstone pays to public virtue. Sir William Harcourt is not so sensitive or so prudent. He is naked and unashamed. In the discussion of the Supplementary Civil Service Estimates on Monday Mr. Labouchere almost formally assumed the leadership of the Liberal, or, as it might be called—borrowing a phrase from the German political vocabulary—the Liberalist party, to distinguish it from the National Liberals, of whom Lord Hartington is the chief. Sir William Harcourt was content to follow Mr. Labouchere, and to act as his deputy as well as Mr. Gladstone's. Literature, or what passes by its name, has given the world a *Comic Blackstone* and a *Comic History of England*. The members for Northampton and Derby are bent on supplying the country with a Comic House of Commons, for which the boards of the Gaiety would, however, be more suitable than the floor of St. Stephen's. The discussions on some of the votes in Committee out-burlesqued burlesque. The supers had not been well drilled, and Mr. Labouchere had to inform his intelligent supporters that when they meant "Yes" they must cry "Aye," and not "No." However, with all hindrances, the proper supplementary votes were taken for Marlborough House, the two Houses of Parliament, Dover House, and other public buildings, the new Admiralty and War Offices, various diplomatic and consular buildings, the Foreign Office, the Bankruptcy Department of the Board of Trade, the Local Government Board, the office of the Secretary (not Secretary of State, as the newspapers will have it) for Scotland, and the Irish Constabulary. The Court of Bankruptcy in Ireland has led to the promise of inquiry. In the consideration of the last vote, disorder and violence reached a pitch which taxed the authority of Mr. Courtney, but with which his clear and quick intelligence and firm will were able to deal. No Irish member has as yet emulated the deliberate insolence towards the Chair with which Sir William Harcourt has dishonoured the traditions of the House and the position in which party accidents have placed him. A rather farcical discussion was raised by Mr. Howell on the authority of some statements made by an anonymous writer in a pseudonymous journal with respect to the alleged abuse by the Corporation of London of its funds in subsidizing a bogus agitation. The Procedure debate will not proceed. A tinge of respectability was given to it by the intervention of Mr. Whitbread, the very type of respectability, the representative of a family which has been respectable through three Parliamentary generations. Occasionally, perhaps, this family has illustrated the fact that the respectable may approach as nearly to the ridiculous as the sublime. In Mr. Whitbread's case respectability, indeed, reaches sublimity. He is right in thinking that paper rules cannot supply the place of moral habits, and that neither the Speaker nor the Chairman of Committees can make gentlemen out of any sort of wool. His belief, against the evidence, that the traditions of civility and the instinct of good manners survive in the present House of Commons is a most respectable opinion. But if they did, the House would not be discussing New Rules of Procedure adapted to a different order of human beings than those who have hitherto represented the Commons of England.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

MEDELSSOHN'S concert prelude, *Ruy Blas*, stood first on the programme last Saturday. Though by no means an avowed favourite with its author, it has been accounted one of his finest overtures, and justly so, for in it he approaches very near to the sublimity and breadth of Beethoven. From the strident and sonorous blast of wind with which it opens, through the thundering fortissimo to the softer beauties of the contrasting subjects in the major; throughout the ingenious devices of the development and in the noble and fiery conclusion, dignity is steadily preserved in the midst of passionate sentiment. A superb rendering, fully worthy of the reputation of the Crystal Palace orchestra, added much to the pleasure of the audience. The concert-room was, however, but scantily peopled, on an occasion which should have promised well to a novelty-loving public. Mr. Prout's New Symphony No. 4 was announced, and Mr. Schönberger, a pianist of unquestionable power, and comparatively new to the public, was to play Saint-Saëns's second Concerto, a work by no means staled by frequent performance. Those who did come to the

Palace were treated, however, to a well-chosen mixture of the more ancient styles of music with the really modern element. Besides the Mendelssohn overture the programme included a quasi-symphony of Schumann's and a song by Mozart.

Mr. Prout's Symphony in D major, No 4, is constructed very much on the lines of his previous work. That is to say, he adheres to the symphonic forms of the older musicians and confines himself almost entirely to their restricted orchestra. Of these materials he once more proves himself a master; he undertakes nothing that he cannot carry out clearly and comprehensibly. He has perfect control over the narrow range of effect which he permits himself, and what he does he has done with artistic purpose and intention. If the effect of art be not so much in the absolute magnitude of the result as in its proportion to the means employed, he has not done wrong in denying himself the wide license of modulation, the variety of sentiment, and the rich orchestral resources of modern music. In art the quality of the sensation given is more important than the quantity. Because it promises less than a great oil-painting, we expect less from a pencil sketch, and are more readily astonished at what realization it may successfully achieve. Few men are colossal enough to stand up to the canvases of Beethoven or Shakspeare, and between a vulgar, slipshod, or obscure disposition of great materials and a refined use of slender means no real artist can hesitate to choose. The tints of a limited palette well disposed produce more lasting pleasure than an ill-arranged and glaring array of bright colours. Still, in estimating Mr. Prout's talent, it must not be forgotten that he uses the system and the resources of the older masters precisely as they did before him, and that he has contributed but little of his own in style and sentiment. His work is in some sort an anachronism; it suffers from the defect of tameness, which is inseparable from a revival in cold blood of the feeling and methods of execution of a past age. There seems no reason why the good points of classic styles, such as symmetry, coherence, and a balance between tranquillity and fever, both in effect and in modulation, should not be combined with some novelty in arrangement and more energy and personality in the character of the themes. A simple and broad first subject in the opening Allegro of Mr. Prout's Symphony contrasts with a graceful and refined second theme. Though no startling use of these materials is made, the tone of the movement is on the whole lofty and dignified. Refined orchestral colour and pleasing contrasts between wind and string characterize the "Largo," which strikes one, however, as somewhat too long. The "Scherzo," the most charged with electricity of all the movements, opens with an agreeable kind of classic liveliness. It flows in a pleasant tide of sound, enlivened very delicately by the wind instruments. The finale forms a hardly massive enough conclusion, and, though fairly spirited and gay, lapses at times into a somewhat trim and scholastic sort of trifling.

Mr. Schönberger played better than at his last recital. He put more warmth and feeling into his execution of Saint-Saëns's original and striking concerto than we had expected. The work, indeed, deserved all that could be done for it even by so accomplished a player. Utterly unconventional as it is in structure, it shows much of the old classic respect for unity, clearness, and beauty. Shaded throughout with deep feeling, the first movement nevertheless escapes the tedium and inordinately plaintive wailing of so many musical representations of melancholy. It is invigorated by a spirit of restlessness and beautified by successions of lovely orchestral colouring. An "Allegro Scherzando" follows, seriously constructed, and yet full of an irresistible freshness and gaiety. A passage for the piano, following close on a flourish of trumpets, is really dignified; and the successive entry of the different instruments, especially the horn and the drum, upon the song of the piano, is managed with consummate art. Mr. Schönberger gave the rapid and difficult passages of the "Finale" with verve and remarkable clearness; and thus brilliantly wound up what is probably the finest concerto for the piano by any living composer. His solo pieces were Chopin's "Ballade in A flat" and "Minne and Soliman" from Volkmann's *Vienegrad*. Mozart's difficult *Scena and Aria*, "Mia speranza adorata," and A. Randegger's *Bolero*, "Vien, della danza è l'ora," received a graceful rendering from Miss Alice Whitacre.

The last number of the concert, Schumann's *Overture Scherzo and Finale*, almost attains the proportions of a symphony, consisting, as it does, of an "Allegro," with slow introduction; a "Scherzo," with "Trio"; and a "Finale: Allegro molto vivace." A deep, forcible passage in the introduction, given to the bassoons, cellos, and basses, was rendered with admirable spirit, and set off to perfection the entrance of the lovely theme of the Allegro. This vivacious movement contains some exquisite orchestral effects, enhanced by the deep, hoarse voices of the lower strings. The vigorous Scherzo is markedly in Schumann's manner; and the Trio, a duet of wood and string, very graceful and flowing. Some rather heavy sawing, and a ponderous kind of instrumentation in Schumann's early manner, render the last movement somewhat long and weighty.

DANDY DICK.

A SECOND visit to the Court Theatre has strengthened our first impression that Mr. Pinero has done nothing more briak and bright than *Dandy Dick*. The trick is an old one, no doubt; but the opposition of dignified and sedate character with

a grotesque and inappropriate environment has never, in English at least, been more happily contrived and achieved. Mr. Pinero himself has had recourse to it before; and in *The Magistrate* he did his spiring with infinite dexterity, and success enough to restore the fortunes of the theatre at which his work was played. But in *The Magistrate* there was a very strong suspicion of domestic tragedy in the principal situation; with—as regards a principal factor in the interest; the mother's concealment of her own age and her son's, and the train of ideas and associations which was started by the incongruity of the boy's relations to his surroundings—at least a touch of unpleasantness. In *Dandy Dick* there is nothing of the kind. We have, it is true, an *ingénue* of the Gilbert type whom we could well spare, though she is played, with appropriate and not unpleasant self-consciousness, by Miss Norreys; we have an enamoured major—capitally presented by Mr. Kerr—whose sufferings from love and liver are the reverse of interesting or attractive; and we have a scene, which somehow does not "come off," in which the Dean's daughters and their lovers appear in fancy dresses, returning from an unsuccessful attempt at clandestine dissipation and the violent delights of a costume ball. But these are only episodic interests. The real fun of the thing is derived from the juxtaposition of the Dean and his racing sister, "Mr. George Tidd," and the enforced contrast of the habits and interests of the deanery with those of the racecourse and the stable. Projected upon a background of hocussing and bookmaking, the shadow of this unhappy churchman is diverting in the highest degree. Had Mr. Pinero done as much for Mr. Clayton, indeed, as he has done for Mrs. John Wood, and written the part of the Dean as boldly and appropriately as he has written that of the Dean's sister, there would—the old reproach being admitted, that his climaxes are faulty nearly always, and that his "curtains" are only effective by accident—have been little or nothing to say in his disfavour. But the fact is, he has relied too much on the contrast between the character and its surroundings, and, except that he has helped his Dean to a number of long words—which, for all their length, are neither plangent nor significant—has left the part pretty much to the player. The consequence is that the Dean has to be kept in his proper place by sheer force of acting. His personality is of the vaguest; he says nothing that can be remembered; if it were not for his black gaiters, you would scarce know him for a cleric at all. And his ill-fortune is consistent throughout. In a certain scene—a veritable incantation it might and should be made—the scene in which he is made to mix a horse-ball for Dandy Dick to thunder and slow music, so little latitude is allowed him that the interest is practically diverted from him to his guilty servant, whose part is purely secondary, and whose influence, except as it affects his master, is absolutely unimportant. Of course the scene should be Robsonized—should be equally compacted of laughter and terror; and the wonder is that Mr. Clayton—who is evidently the most unselfish of actors—has never Robsonized it. Let him try, and he is as sure as may be of success. The play will gain immensely; so will the hero of the play; so will Mr. Clayton; and so will the public.

A word or two as to the acting. Mr. Clayton's performance of the Dean is quite admirable. Like Colonel Lukyn and like the Admiral in *The Schoolmistress*, the impersonation is a distinct and excellent invention. The make-up is faultless; the performance is full of delicate touches, yet there is a good broad sweep in it; and the effect is singularly individual and commanding. In all his predicaments the Dean remains a dean and a gentleman—urbane, dignified, with a flavour of '34 port and the Greek Fathers. No other actor could have looked him so well; and, as to playing him, if he had not been in Mr. Clayton's hands, it would have been unlucky for Mr. Pinero. Mr. Cecil makes as much as can be made of the hypocritical butler; and Mr. Eversfield is much as usual as a young officer. Mr. Denny, as a country policeman, has so far succumbed to his "notices," which were all enthusiastic, that he has not now a single intonation right. The part is a good one; Mr. Pinero has written it with special pains, and filled it with taking "lines," which, as delivered by Mr. Denny, sound merely impertinent and unnatural. His dialect, it should be added, is probably correct, and is certainly dull. To end *con la bocca dolce*, Mrs. John Wood is simply irresistible. Her author has given her plenty of things to say; and she says them with a breadth, a gusto, a spirit that make the mildest of them pass for humorous, and the most dubious seem inoffensive and even amusing. More than that, she is equally good in make-up, gesture, gait, and manners alike; so that her performance has the merit of being artistically complete as well as admirably entertaining.

A "GENEROUS SUPPORT."

(Soliloquy overheard on the Front Opposition Bench.)

LOYAL and true, a patriot pure,
I come to shame the slanderer's prate,
To do my duty to the State,
And faction's crooked paths abjure.

I come renouncing party strife,
To join with whoso'er would save
The ancient home of counsels grave
From hands upraised against its life.

Nor on that lofty purpose bent
Shall any chances of the hour,
Shall love of fight or lure of power,
Shake the firm base of my intent.

Yet, when I scan across the Chair
That bench with its inferior crew,
Men with—from any point of view—
No sort of business to be there;

And when I turn me and regard
My exiled friends who sit around,
I feel, and with a sense profound,
That virtue's way is very hard.

Eager for battle, at my back,
A little band its challenge flings,
While from across the gangway rings
The music of the Irish pack.

Can I forbear? This grand array
Of militant obstructive force,
Artillery and foot and horse,
Must it be wholly thrown away?

Nay, *ought* I to forbear? In awe
I ask my conscience, clear and clean,
Whether forbearance may not mean
Disloyalty to "the Higher Law"?

Hark! What is that? A motion thrust
Upon the House to "now adjourn,"
So that some question of concern
And urgency may be discussed.

Shall I stand up? Yes! no, I won't;
Yet ought I not? I ought—I will;
I see no reason why I—still,
Pr'aps 'twill be better if I don't.

I know not what the question was;
Yet conscience bids me not regret,
Supposing that the mover get
His forty votes. By Jove! he has.

An hour has passed; the interest flags.
The subject *had* its claims, no doubt;
But even such things will wear out;
And this, I own, seems worn to rags.

Should I do well to interpose?
I cannot think it would be right;
'Twould waste more time, perhaps excite
More opposition, if I rose.

'Tis done! The motion is withdrawn;
And we once more our talk renew
On that amendment; which, 'tis true,
One *could* discuss from now till dawn.

Shall I take part in the debate?
Really I almost think I ought;
I will if it's too fiercely fought,
Or if it lasts extremely late.

Shall I 'gainst Ministers divide?
D'you know, I feel that, if I did,
Conscience would leave me quite unchid,
Or would at most but gently chide.

Yet, no! The slanderer's tongue might call
Such conduct factiousness—a term
Unbearable. I *will* be firm,
And, come what may, not vote at all.

REVIEWS.

A CRUISE IN THE ÆGEAN AND A BOOK ON SPAIN.*

LORD ROSEBURY said not very long ago, in replying to the toast of his health at Bombay, that he had been in India just long enough to write a book about it—namely, for eight hours. It is on a slighter acquaintance even than this that Mr. FitzPatrick undertakes to give us full archaeological and topographical disquisitions on such places as Ephesus and Sardis, Tiryns and Mycenæ. He lets us off a description of Troy, for the very sufficient reason that he had not time to go there; but, having carefully got up the history and antiquities of Assos in the Troad, Mr. FitzPatrick cannot refrain from pouring forth his borrowed information, in spite of the fact that bad weather and the illness of one of the party prevented him from doing more than sight the

place from the deck of the yacht. It is also a little startling, in a book of this nature, to find the Darwinian theory discussed and somewhat contemptuously dismissed within the limits of a single page. The book, nevertheless, is a readable one; and as, after all, picking the brains of others is a perfectly allowable means of acquiring information, it is not fair to complain that Mr. FitzPatrick should have made so much use of the well-stocked library of works relating to Greece and Asia Minor provided on board his friend's yacht. The growing importance of these parts of the world at the present day, to say nothing of their immortal past, is quite sufficient excuse for endeavouring to stimulate public interest on the subject.

In the way of facilities for making the most of two months in the Ægean, Mr. FitzPatrick was exceptionally fortunate; a sailing yacht of 126 tons, the *Linda*, had been placed at the disposal of one of the party, and they were furnished with letters of introduction to Dr. Schliemann, Mr. Dennis, H.M. Consul at Smyrna, and other distinguished archaeologists. Mr. FitzPatrick made his way to the Peiræus by ordinary mail steamer *via* Trieste, and, unlike most travellers, seems to have enjoyed a three days' quarantine on the little island of St. George, in the Bay of Salamis. As his friends had not yet arrived, instead of waiting for them at Athens Mr. FitzPatrick went on in the same steamer to Constantinople, and, after four days spent there, returned to the Peiræus and joined the yacht, which sailed with him next day for Hermonopolis. This place, the capital of the Island of Syra, in the centre of the Cyclades, as a centre of traffic and trade between East and West is, among Greek ports, rivalled only by the Peiræus. Here the party was completed by the arrival of the other four members by Cunard steamer from England, but they were detained several days, which passed pleasantly enough, before a favourable breeze enabled them to proceed eastward. The islanders of the Archipelago, as has often been noticed, have preserved far more of the characteristics of the old Greeks than have their brethren on the mainland. Mr. FitzPatrick traces this aptly in the survival of superstitions from paganism, which Christianity has never effectually supplanted either in the islands or on the mainland. The saints have borrowed the functions, and in some instances almost the names, of the deities of Olympus. No fewer than twenty-six sites are sacred to the prophet Elias, whose name has been conveniently substituted for that of the sun-god *Hælios*. The Panagia or Virgin Mary takes the place of the virgin Athene; Demeter, the Earth-Mother, has become St. Dimitri; folk-lore and folk-songs carry on through ages the ineradicable traditions of the past.

On the 3rd of November the *Linda* left the Cyclades and, crossing the imaginary line which separates Greek from Turkish waters, sailed north-east for the Gulf of Smyrna, which she reached on the afternoon of the following day. Smyrna, the second city of the Turkish Empire, has not been exempt from the modern spirit of improvement. Mr. FitzPatrick notes, with something of regret, that the commercial centre of gravity has shifted from the decaying bazaars to streets with showy establishments only too much like those of Paris and London. Having secured the services of a poetical but competent guide, the party made several excursions into the interior, facilitated by the fact that Smyrna lies midway on the line of railway. In this fashion the travellers "did" Ephesus in a single day, returning to the yacht in time for dinner. Another day's excursion to Nymphi, partly by carriage, partly on donkey-back, enabled them to see the rock-cut figure of Sesostris, of special interest because it confirms the accuracy of Herodotus, who has fully described it. A third trip of the same duration took them by rail to Magnesia, and thence by carriage a few miles eastward to the colossal rock-hewn figure of Niobe, or rather Cybele. Mr. Dennis, whose special study of this statue is quoted at length, considers it to belong to a more remote antiquity than even any of the Hittite monuments. In their visit to Sardis the party secured the great advantage of Mr. Dennis's company and guidance; in addition to his intimate acquaintance with the archaeology of the district, his official protection as Consul was no small matter. A few hours by train brought them to the station of Sardis, which is at some distance from the ancient city of Croesus. Using the station as night quarters, they visited the Ionic temple of Cybele, and next day the tomb of Alyattes, father of Croesus, described by Herodotus as in size only inferior to the monuments of Egypt and Babylon. On leaving Smyrna the *Linda*, with the Consul on board, sailed some fifty miles up the coast to Dikeli, whence the party made an expedition to Pergamon, famous of old for its library and school of art. The explorations at this place under Dr. Humann have already furnished 1,000 large cases to enrich the Museum of Berlin, chiefly sculptures from the altar of Jupiter representing the Gigantomachia, incomparably finer than any discovered at Ephesus, Halicarnassus, Rhodes, or Cyprus. Dr. Humann's labours have been as successful as those of Dr. Schliemann, though various causes assigned by Mr. FitzPatrick have kept his name out of reach of the English public. After their abortive expedition to Assos, mentioned above, the yacht retraced her course to Smyrna to deposit Mr. Dennis, and then recrossed the Ægean to the Peiræus. The last hundred pages of the book are occupied by a description of Athens, visited chiefly under the guidance of Dr. Schliemann himself. The cruise was brought to a close by a day spent in the ruins of Tiryns and Mycenæ.

Romantic Spain is an attractive title which leads one to expect tales of chivalrous combat between Moor and Christian, legends of ruined convent and castle, or perhaps dissertations on Gothic and

* *An Autumn Cruise in the Ægean*. By T. FitzPatrick. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1886.

Romantic Spain: a Record of Personal Experiences. By John Augustus O'Shea, Author of "An Iron-bound City" &c. 2 vols. London: Ward & Downey. 1887.

Saracenic art. It is something of a disappointment to find that Mr. O'Shea's two volumes contain nothing but a recital of the haps and mishaps of a Special Correspondent in that country from the abdication of Amadeus to the entry of Don Carlos. Both of these events are already ancient history, and well-nigh forgotten even in Spain itself. Ten years ago, when they were fresh in the public recollection, would have been the proper time for their production. Still, Mr. O'Shea undertook, at the request of his publishers, to write a book upon Spain, and he is at no pains to conceal the traces of its having been written to order. It must inevitably be to a great extent a *réchauffé* of his correspondence to the newspapers at the time; there is an inordinate amount of padding, and the thread of personal adventure is of the slenderest. Yet, in spite of these drawbacks, it must be allowed that the volumes are sparkling and attractive; they contain little in them, and yet that little is told in a way that catches the attention; they consist chiefly of gossip and anecdote, but the gossip is made interesting and the anecdote is apposite. In a word, Mr. O'Shea has succeeded in making passable bricks out of straw. For descriptions of churches, museums, and picture-galleries, Mr. O'Shea refers his readers to the regular guide-books. His behest was with living, not dead Spain. He certainly has contrived to catch and note down the peculiarities and characteristics of the people in the different cities that he visited. His descriptions of Madrid, Seville, and Gibraltar, with scarcely an allusion to their architecture or natural features, bring back the places at once to the mind of any one who has been there. Mr. O'Shea describes the costume of the peasants, the uniform of the soldiers, the colours worn by the women; he mentions half a dozen little trifles of personal appearance or manner or action which scarcely any one else would have thought worth while putting down on paper, and the result is a vivid picture before you of the place as he saw it.

Amadeus, whose only fault was that he was a foreigner, vacated the throne on the 11th of February, 1873, and Mr. O'Shea was at once despatched to Madrid, which he reached with no further adventure than a slushy walk alongside the diligence on a portion of the road where the railway had been torn up by the Carlists. He spent five weeks in constant intercourse with all classes of the inhabitants at all hours; yet, though revolution was hourly expected, he never caught the glitter of a knife or saw a drunkard in the streets. The reason that he assigns for Madrid being so orderly as compared with other cities is that it has no working population, no thriving manufactories. Mr. O'Shea details the debates in the Cortes, and gives us a great deal too much of Spanish politics. The army he describes with a soldier's eye; the raw material was good enough, but for political reasons the regiments had been denuded of officers, and the promoted sergeants lacked all qualifications for leading their men. Mr. O'Shea lingered on in the hopes of stirring events in the capital, but, finding that Madrid was the last place where there was likely to be a disturbance for the present, he went off to the south. The soft capital of Andalusia was demoralizing to an active Correspondent, and seemed to take all the energy out of him; he hurried off from Seville, where the people were too indolent to get up much interest in the revolution, to Cadiz. Here, although the ladies were all Carlists, the men were Republicans, and were showing their vigour by making war on the weak and defenceless nuns, whom they turned out of their convents in defiance of orders to the contrary from Madrid. Troubles were in store, but Cadiz, like Seville, took things too easily for such a stormy-petrel as Mr. O'Shea, so he moved on to Gibraltar. The sameness of life at this place—"Sutlersville" he dubs it—and the types of officer that one meets there are extremely well described. A trip across the Straits gives him the opportunity of reminding us that Tangier was for twenty-one years a British possession, having been part of the dowry of Catharine of Braganza, and then abandoned as not worth its cost. An appalling picture is given of the prison at Tangier; it is a scandal to our diplomacy that some effort is not made to mitigate the existence of such horrors within thirty-two miles of British territory. Mr. O'Shea paid a visit to the Shereef of Wazan, a personage whose influence is second only to that of the Sultan in Morocco; he has married an English wife, and it is satisfactory to learn that the marriage has turned out happily for her, and may be productive of good to the unhappy Moors. In Malaga Mr. O'Shea found federalism triumphant, but no police or any settled government. Returning northwards through Madrid, which was in *statu quo*, Mr. O'Shea found the Carlists making headway in Biscay and Navarre. He returned to London, but was shortly after ordered to make his way to the Carlist headquarters, and the remainder of the book, the only part which merits its title, is occupied with his attempts to get there. At Biarritz he fell in with the Carlist privateer *San Margarita*, formerly the yacht *Deerhound*, which rescued the crew of the *Alabama* when sunk by the *Kearsarge*. On board of the privateer was the descendant of another claimant to a throne, Charles Stuart, Count d'Albanie, great-grandson of Prince Charles Edward, a vigorous supporter of legitimacy as represented by Don Carlos. Before many days, however, he was lodged in a Spanish prison, on the capture of the *San Margarita*, taken unawares when she thought herself within French waters. Mr. O'Shea crossed over into Spain, and came into personal contact with the notorious Cara Santa Cruz, who as a guerillero chief had effected prodigies for the Carlist cause. At Irun the enterprising correspondent contrived to get under fire during a brush between the Republican defenders of the town and his Carlist friends outside; he takes leave of us for the present, before he has succeeded in penetrating to Carlist headquarters, but

holds out a prospect—which his readers will hope to see fulfilled—of telling us on some future occasion how he fared at the court and camp of Don Carlos, and by the side of the general directing the siege of Carthage.

FOUR NOVELS.*

SELDOM, even in a French novel, have we been in such bad company as that to which Captain Gambier introduces his readers in *Swifter than a Weaver's Shuttle*. Except an old lady, who is a mere shadow, and a child of six, there is literally not one human being who has the dimmest idea of ordinary morality. Even the heroine, Mme. Ostrolenka, née Madeline Romeyn, who is meant to be the noblest kind of woman, remarks (vol. iii. p. 39) to her friend that, if her husband had required it of her, she would have dispensed with the marriage ceremony, and that the lady to whom she is speaking, the victim of a married man, "need not be afraid" of blame from her, Madeline. After this, it is a small thing that the men should be without honour and conscience, ready to thief, murder, or commit every other deadly sin as suited them. They are the good old villains of our early days, without one redeeming quality, but unrelieved by the wonted spectacle of virtue in distress; for, in spite of Captain Gambier's assurances, we decline to accept Madeline as the representative of virtue. There is nothing new either in plot or character. The low intrigues in which a peerless beauty from the East plays the part of a decoy duck, and lures men to give her large sums in the hope of a reward, are familiar to a fatigued imagination. Captain Gambier has even been known to repeat his own inventions, as in the case first of Gould and Nellie, and then of Gould and Rosalie, in which the circumstances (which need not be alluded to minutely) are almost exactly the same. It is unedifying in the extreme to hear a young lady of nineteen like Rosalie Romeyn reiterating that she does not wish her husband to be a saint, or conversing glibly with her sister on the chance of her *fiancé*, Captain Norton, having visited a woman, "probably some old *liaison*, some one who has a hold on him," who desired to break off the marriage. Disagreeable as the book is throughout, everything that concerns Rosalie is repellent. The spectacle of any woman pressing her attentions on a man must always be revolting, and Captain Gambier never omits one detail. During dinner he says (vol. i. p. 200), "the fond girl's foot hardly ceases to press or be pressed throughout the, to her, interminably long ceremony." Her father, though portrayed as a man of the world, as a stern parent, "resolute as adamant," who has turned his wife and eldest daughter out of doors for opposing his will, is very fond of Rosalie, yet he allows her lover to spend hours with her in the house after every one has gone to bed, himself included. The result is one that might have been expected; but at the same time Captain Norton is pushing on his marriage at the request of Mme. Artaki, the Eastern adventuress, in the hope of gratifying his love for this lady, and spending his wife's money on his mistress. This is only a sample of what may be found scattered freely through the book, and even Nellie, a stronger-minded woman than Rosalie, acts yet more basely, and does not repent her actual sin any more than Rosalie does. Discovery is what they both dread; that is all; and, after six years of marriage with Gould, the arch villain whom she has accepted hastily for her own purposes, Nellie on becoming a widow is united to her old lover, a Secretary of Legation and Perthshire laird, and lives happy for ever after.

This kind of laxity of morality is paralleled by the laxity of style. In the first place, the present tense is used throughout; in the second, the metaphors are somewhat mixed; in the third, the grammar is by no means faultless. The author's use, or rather misuse, of long words vies with Mrs. Malaprop's, as in vol. iii. p. 10, where Mr. Romeyn is discussing with Mme. Artaki the subject of his daughter's intrigue with Captain Norton, who has been drowned. "Possibly he meant no harm," remarks this singular parent. "On the north side of the Tweed he would legally have done no harm if he had turned up years hence and had condoned the offence." How can a man condone his own offence? It is like one of the crimes in *Ruddigore*. Rosalie is referred to (vol. ii. p. 103) as having a nature "sapped and undermined by contagion"; but, in spite of this appalling state of things, she figures in a ball-room which "presented the usual extended view of arms and shoulders, terms applied by courtesy to a considerable segment of the female form. Nor was the exhibition of ankles—also a term politely generic—in any degree niggardly." After what we have said, especially after a remark of Mr. Romeyn's *à propos* of his daughter, in application of Montaigne's theory that our morals are a matter of geography, it will be a surprise to no one to hear that the tidal train, on going from Charing Cross to Folkestone, passes by Canterbury (vol. ii. p. 100), or that the Greek *χάρις* is rendered *Häris* (vol. ii. p. 115, and elsewhere). There is not a single word of commendation we can conscientiously bestow on the book, except that the French quotations are more correct than is usual. It is long-winded in style, it is stale in plot, it is untrue

* *Swifter than a Weaver's Shuttle*. By Captain Gambier. 3 vols. London: Sonnenschein.

Elizabeth's Fortune. By Bertha Thomas. 3 vols. London: Bentley.

The Flower and the Spirit. By Frederika Macdonald. 2 vols. London: Blackwood.

Mrs. Horace: a Sketch. By Alex. Kepler. London: Remington.

to nature, it is disagreeable in taste. It will interest few people and edify none.

Miss Thomas has drawn a pleasant heroine in Elizabeth Adams, and drawn her with skill. Modern readers are familiar with the young woman who writes her own history, and, while discoursing on her plain countenance, implies that every man she meets is at her feet. Miss Adams does not commit this error. She describes frankly and amusingly her disgust on several occasions at finding that the success on the stage which she trusted was due to her dramatic talents had been gained only by her pretty face. She is even impartial enough to allow that probably neither weighed in the balance for a moment in comparison with the virtues of Mistress Anne in *The Wolf in Sheep's Clothing*. Elizabeth Adams is natural throughout, and so are her good-hearted, slangy fellow-actors; and, had Miss Thomas only confined herself to one volume, instead of three, she might have made a bright little story. But the necessary padding has spoiled all. Dryden's Duke of Buckingham sinks into insignificance before a damsel who in five years' time is an orange-seller, a maid-of-all-work, an actress, a companion to a duchess, the confidante of the duchess's *incomprisable* daughter, and the wife of a young subaltern, who is cut by society on account of his *mésalliance*. After Elizabeth once leaves the stage early in the second volume, and betakes herself to ducal halls (through a series of events singularly improbable), the plot drags terribly, and decreases steadily in interest. Elizabeth's struggles to support her children are praiseworthy but dull. It hardly seems likely either that a girl of twenty-four, whose education had been, to say the least, "scrappy," and whose opportunities even of writing letters had been few, should be able to make money by newspaper articles. Her husband, Romney, is more of a puppet than any other character in the book, and it is in vain that Miss Thomas expatiates on the dangers of his journey to Badakshan or the agonies of Elizabeth at his supposed death; we know he will turn up safe and sound in the end, and so he does. The style of the autobiography is not suitable either to the nature or position of the girl who writes it. It is too pretentious and elaborate, while every now and then the lapses into colloquialism strike oddly on the ear. It is better in the dialogue, especially in the dialogues between the actors and actresses, where they talk in the free-and-easy manner that seems to be characteristic of the stage, but falls off again in the conversational subtleties of Lady Mabel, who is a failure. However, we could sooner accept Lady Mabel, vague and contradictory though she is, than believe that any woman, even an actress, could go to the Derby in a low dress, as Miss Adams asserts of her predecessor in the part of "Lady Jane." If the calumny had been made by a man, it might have been put down to ignorance; but in the mouth of a lady it can only be ascribed to malice.

The Flower and the Spirit is an innocent romantic little tale, setting forth how a Danish maiden lady, friend, worshipper, and translator of "Hans Friedrich" (otherwise Hans Christian Andersen), comes to London with a vague idea of adding to the happiness of English children by introducing them to a fairy world. How the presence of an obscure spinster in a Bloomsbury boarding-house was to help forward this work does not appear; but then ladies like Miss Adelaide Pfeiffer are not intended to be practical. She is true to life in her way, which is more than can be said for the other personages of the story. The boarding-house keeper, Miss Coquelicot, is described as being a strong-minded person, with acquaintances in the best society, which is certainly unusual; but more unusual still is the way in which she addresses her friend and patron as "my pet," "my dovie," "my sweet," and other kindred and nauseous appellations. The heroine, Marion Delvigne, whom accident introduces to Miss Pfeiffer, is a young lady of a type often to be met with in novels located near the British Museum, and nowhere else. These damsels are clever, independent, original, and beautiful, and not, we gather, very agreeable inmates of their homes. Marion Delvigne was not, at any rate. She made herself unpleasant in every possible way to her stepfather, Mr. Bloxam, a worthy, conventional gentleman, who adored her mother; and most people will think that in nine cases out of ten Mr. Bloxam had right on his side. Mrs. Bloxam apparently did not object to her daughter sitting about on the grass in Kensington Gardens with a young man whom she had no intention of marrying; but many mothers would have held a different opinion. In fact, Marion did various things with impunity that are generally opposed by parents and guardians; and her friend Miss Pfeiffer only regrets that there is "no room in her austere young heart" for anything but pity. It does not seem to make any difference to the romantic old maid that the lover, Arthur Rutherford, resents his final rejection by pouring out rhymed obloquy on Marion's head, and then seeking to commit suicide by shutting himself up with a roomful of heavily-scented flowers. Perhaps, indeed, his folly could only fitly be mated with Marion's, who starves herself into a fever in order to bring back her divine afflatus, and then makes herself famous by a poem entitled "Lucifer, Son of the Morning." Of course Marion is bullied into marrying her weak-minded adorer, who as promptly exchanges adoration for literary jealousy. They drag out a dismal existence for some months on the shores of the Lake of Geneva, and while there are visited by an eminent literary person, who is about to start a new magazine, and has come all the way from Paris to Geneva for an hour's visit, in order to satisfy his curiosity as to the personal appearance of the author of "Lucifer." How Mr. Rutherford behaved like a baby, broke his neck, and was buried in a foreign land, need not be

dwelt on; nor how Marion, after a severe illness, was at last consoled by her friend, the middle-aged German doctor. The moral, which appears to be the glorifying of perversity, is unfortunate, otherwise the tale, if not entertaining, is perfectly harmless.

The masquerade of the author of *Mrs. Horace* as a sheep in wolf's clothing would move the least humorous to laughter. "Alexander Kepler," such is the *nom de guerre*, is probably a very young girl, taking her first plunge into literature. The vision of a middle-aged gentleman making an excursion to a country-house, and beginning a conversation with an unknown young lady whom he finds swinging in the garden, with the remark, "Rosa, a good man loves you; will you be his wife?" is comic in the extreme, yet this proceeding, which opens the book, is only the first of many others equally strange. Most girls who at the age of eighteen had rejected twelve suitors would have had their wits about them and requested the childlike ambassador at least to give the "good man" a name. But Miss Rosa (soon to become Mrs. Horace) promptly takes it for granted that she numbers only one "good man" among her acquaintance, and makes answer, "I have kissed these flowers, please give them to him." After this happy beginning the story does nothing to disappoint us. We have ladies sitting in orchestra-stalls at the Théâtre Français, and a Frenchman talking of "our French word *persiflage*." There are pages of harrowing descriptions of the agonies exhibited in the faces of the gamblers at Monte Carlo, their "muttered curses," their "expressions of awful cunning, or else of terror and despair"—of every expression, indeed, that the human countenance is capable of wearing, which may be found in many places, but not in a gambling saloon, where languid indifference invariably prevails. Then Manitoba is described as a State, and the author apparently thinks that it belongs to the Union. A letter is dated "Queen's Gate, W.," and a much-travelled lady who ought to have known better describes herself as "*blasé*." But the crowning absurdity is the conduct of the late Miss Rosa, when her husband has lost 30,000*l.* in four months at Monte Carlo, and is obliged to go out to Manitoba, to make more money. Mr. Horace has been advised by various business men that he, a notably shiftless, unpractical creature, who has passed his whole life among his books in London, can become *rich* in six or eight years in a cattle ranche in Manitoba. It is needless to say that Mr. Horace makes a comfortable competence in four, and comes home to find London ringing with his wife's fame as an actress, a fact of which he had been quite unaware, though they had frequently corresponded, and he presumably saw a newspaper now and then. Altogether it will be gathered that *Mrs. Horace* is a very foolish book.

SYMONDS'S RENAISSANCE IN ITALY.—VOLS. VI. & VII.*

THIS last portion of Mr. Symonds's work—a portion which is rather in the nature of an appendix than of a continuation—very palpably falls into two divisions of unequal length, and, as it seems to us, of unequal merit. The greater part of Vol. VI. (may we venture to ask, by the way, for what earthly purpose except that of causing much incidental annoyance to short-sighted students, bookbinders have recently taken to "starring" instead of numbering volumes?) is occupied with a description and estimate of the chief forces at work in the Catholic Reaction itself. This part of the book contains little, if anything, that is new, and though written with unflinching vivacity and occasional force, labours as a whole under Mr. Symonds's besetting sin of diffuseness. The remaining part of these volumes discusses in succession the questions as to how Italian society, Italian literature, what may for want of a more lucid term be called Italian science, and Italian art, were affected by the Catholic Reaction. The treatment of the first of these questions furnishes materials for some striking episodes which the readers of Mr. Symonds will not less appreciate because he has avowedly borrowed some of his most thrilling stories from the pages of one of the most delightful books of its kind ever published, his own *Italian Byways*. But the chapters which, in the second of the volumes now before us, treat of Tasso, Giordano Bruno, Fra Paolo, and Tasso's *epigoni*, form a contribution of real value to literary history, and will, unless we mistake, enhance Mr. Symonds's reputation for delicacy of critical insight as well as for thoroughness of research. The life of Tasso in particular, a life to make the angels weep, is told with so much perception of the sources of the poet's self-destructive weakness, and yet with so clear a recognition of the real foundations of his literary fame, as to exercise something like fascination upon the reader. And this, though it is not easy to put any very definite interpretation upon what, because of its connexion with the main subject of these volumes, ought to be the salient passage of this chapter—the statement of Tasso's relation to the Catholic revival. As to the religious fervour of Tasso, who, on visiting the French Court as early as 1570, "roundly taxed the Government" of Charles IX. "with dereliction of their duty to the Church," no doubt whatever can of course exist. Nor, as we should have thought, will there be two opinions as to the genuineness of the piety which animates the *Gerusalemme Liberata*. If this piety be deficient in depth, such a deficiency has characterized Italian religiosity during a period considerably more comprehensive than that of the Counter-Reformation. And even if it were correctly

* *Renaissance in Italy—The Catholic Reaction*. In Two Parts. By John Addington Symonds. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

called "conventional," we should remain unsatisfied with the high-sounding explanation that "the Catholic Revival was no regeneration of Christianity from living sources." On the other hand, nothing could be better than Mr. Symonds's demonstration of his theory, that the true secret of Tasso's popularity among his contemporaries, and of the sympathy which his famous poem still continues to evoke, is to be sought in his having been the first poet of "sentiment, that *non so che* of modern feeling." Not even Mr. Matthew Arnold could have rung the changes more felicitously upon the phrase which Mr. Symonds's quotations alone abundantly justify him in designating as the key-note of Tasso's lyrical effects. Equally good is, at a rather late point in the second of these volumes, the analysis of the literary qualities of Tasso's most eminent seventeenth-century successors. The short, but extremely interesting, sketch of the life of Guarini, who is described as a link between that century and Tasso, will to many readers furnish a welcome comment upon the *Pastor Fido*, in which the author not only, as Ben Jonson objected, made "shepherds speak as well as himself would," but caused them to reproduce much of his own experience of men and Courts. What an interval—and not only one of time—separates the disillusioned courtier of Ferrara from his ancestor, the great scholar of Verona, whose enthusiasm for the House of Este reproduced itself after a different fashion in his descendant! Guarini served Courts and suffered from them during the greater part of his life; but he looked with the utmost bitterness upon their actual or apprehended extinction, owing to Papal reunions and other causes. "The former Court in Italy," he wrote, "is a dead thing. One may see the shadow, but not the substance of it, nowadays. Ours is an age of appearances, and one goes a-masquerading all the year." With the Courts the *cortegiani*, too, had changed; but one must confess to a fellow-feeling with the "modern reader," whom Bellarmine's censure of the *Pastor Fido* "strikes as inexplicably severe." When Guarini, in 1605, appeared at Rome to compliment Paul V. on his election to the Papacy in the name of the now Pontifical city of Ferrara, the Cardinal told him that he had done as much harm to Christendom by his *Pastor Fido* as Luther and Calvin had by their heresies. "He retorted," continues Mr. Symonds, "with a sarcasm which has not been transmitted to us, but which may probably have reflected on the pollution of Christian morals by the Jesuits." We have no criticism to make on this charitable suggestion; perhaps, however, there is more point in Klein's, that, at any rate, the *Pastor Fido* could not have done so much harm as the *Calandria* of Cardinal Bibbiena and other comedies of cardinals, not to mention the *Pastorals* of the *Pastor Fidei*. At all events, Mr. Symonds cannot be very far from the mark when he says of the most popular of all products of its class that, "not censurable in itself, it was so related to the sentimental sensuality of its period as to form a link in the chain of enervation which weighed on Italy."

Of the seventeenth century itself in Italy "the literary dictator," in Mr. Symonds's phrase, was Marino, a writer concerning whom generalities enough are to be found in handbooks of literature. A comparison between Marinism and Euphuism seems almost *de rigueur*, though in truth one between Marino and our English Fantastic school, if at the present day one may still venture to call it so, would have been more to the purpose. Mr. Symonds's account of the *Adone* leaves no doubt as to the range of feelings to which its effects address themselves; and there is much subtlety in the remark—which, like too many of his good things, the author relegates into a note—that the hypocrisy of the allegory supposed to underlie this epic of voluptuousness is highly significant for the contemporary phase of Italian culture. With Tassoni, the Rhinthon of this age of decadence, we have already arrived at a stage when the applause assured to novelty could only be gained by burlesque. Mr. Symonds is again excellent in his analysis of the celebrated *Secchia Rapita*, whose fame has hardly been eclipsed by that of the imitation, and of the imitation of the imitation, to which it gave rise. He recognizes in its humour "something Lombard, a smack of sausage"; but he reminds us how in the "fantastically ironical magic tree" of the first modern mock-heroic nightingales made a home as well as baboons. Is it, by the way, a mere coincidence that in this poem, which must have been well known to Byron, Manfredi is the name of the victim of an unholy passion?

Between these admirable chapters on Italian poets and poetry are inserted two curiously contrasted pictures of very different kinds of literary activity. The name of Giordano Bruno has never attracted greater interest than at the present day, when not only are his works becoming more widely known, but the obscurity in which his martyrdom was enveloped may be said to have been finally cleared away. While Rome and the Counter-Reformation may be held responsible for the cruelty of his death, it cannot be denied that what is least attractive in his life and bearing—the Dr. Faustus or mountebank element in him, so to speak—was quite as much a legacy of the Renaissance as individually characteristic of the man himself. Into his attempt to present an outline of Bruno's philosophy we cannot follow our author. In Bruno's attitude towards those religious conflicts of his age among which his own existence was shattered, his aversion to all dogmatic theology is perhaps the most characteristic feature, and one which has secured him much modern sympathy. Mr. Symonds is probably justified in his assumption that, had Bruno's recantation been accepted as satisfactory, he would, for the sake of peace,

have not only remained a professed Catholic, but sought readmission into the Dominican order. He plumed himself, or pretended to plume himself, on having called the Reformation a deformation of religion, and in his earlier days had actually incurred excommunication at the hands of Bæsius at Helmstädt, a theologian whom we are unable to identify, but whose elder namesake seems to have held more rigidly Lutheran opinions than are usually associated with the Brunswick University. For ourselves, eagle-eyed as was the genius of Bruno, and terrible as was his doom, we confess that we turn with relief from the chapter which occupies itself with him to its successor. Here Mr. Symonds pays a not unworthy tribute to the memory of one of the greatest of Italian ecclesiastical statesmen, the simple friar who "during the last eighteen years of his existence was the intellect of" Venice. But this is not the place in which to attempt another estimate of the political any more than of the scientific eminence of Fra Paolo Sarpi. The task of his life was to counteract and stem, as some would say, the Counter-Reformation, or as we should prefer to put it, the political power and influence of the Papacy, which had grown so enormously with the success of that movement. Hence, as Ranke has shown in his well-known appendix on Sarpi and Pallavicini as historians of the Council of Trent, the *animus* of the former, which has in one sense justly, in another unjustly, brought his chief historical work into discredit; hence also his uncompromising opposition to the Jesuits, which neither the generosity of Bellarmine could abate nor the danger of death intensify. As for his relation to Protestantism, it seems to us idle to conjecture that, "had Venice inclined towards rupture with Rome" in the sense of secession from the Church, and "had the Republic possessed the power to make that rupture with success, Sarpi would have hailed that event gladly," &c. Mr. Symonds has in an earlier passage far more suitably defined the standpoint of Fra Paolo towards Protestantism in words taken from his *Letters*—

"I have well considered the reasons which drew Germany and England into changing the observances of religion; but upon us neither of these nor others of greater weight will exercise any influence. It is better to suffer certain rules and customs that are not in all points commendable than to acquire a taste for revolution and to yield to the temptation of confounding all things in chaos." His own grievances against the Pope, he adds, is that they are innovating and destroying the primitive constitution of the Church. With regard to the possibility of uniting Christendom, he writes that many of the differences between Catholics and Protestants seem to him verbal; many, such as could be tolerated in one communion; and many capable of adjustment. But a good occasion must be waited for.

This latter conclusion being, as the context shows, based essentially upon political considerations, cannot indeed be regarded as identical with the Erasmian point of view. But Sarpi is misjudged like Erasmus, if doctrinal revolt is supposed to have been in him only a suppressed aspiration. There is no need in tracing his career and judging his character for the apologetic tone occasionally adopted by his most recent biographer, Mrs. A. G. Campbell, to whom we are for the rest glad that Mr. Symonds refers. It was a cruel kindness on the part of her publishers to have the results of her long and conscientious labours put into print at Florence, for her book well deserves a genuine English edition.

We cannot pretend very seriously to regret having little or no space left in which to comment on Mr. Symonds's sketch of the Counter-Reformation in the first of these two volumes. It has some good points; the character-sketches incidentally introduced are here and there effective; and, with the help of course of Ranke and other authorities, some of the aspects of the subject are clearly enough placed before the reader. Thus the fatal co-operation of ecclesiastical and Spanish despotism, which latter made itself felt in many matters besides State and Church, is well brought out. But the entire sketch, notwithstanding a great deal of angry declamation against the Reaction in general and the Jesuits in particular, lacks definiteness; and in the end one grows weary of the author's unconscious tendency to confound the phenomena of a period with the results of a particular movement in it. A natural sense of justice induces Mr. Symonds every now and then to make a kind of protest against any such confusion; but it must be allowed to be a result not unlikely to follow upon a perusal of his sixth volume. The chapter on the Jesuits may serve as a salutary alternative to any one who has been recently condemned to a course of Crétineau-Joly; but its texture is slight, its assertions are superabundant, and it is wanting in any attempt to solve some of the real problems of the subject, such, for instance, as the differences between the *régime* of Loyola and that of Lainez. We are constrained to add that Mr. Symonds's style is not growing more suited to historical narrative proper. Criticism itself is washed away by a torrent of invective like that which closes his first chapter, with its enumeration of not less than fourteen devils introduced by Spain into Italy, and with its closing figure of "the Dead Sea of social putrefaction," over which "floated the sickening oil of Jesuit hypocrisy." In this part of his work, where a circumspect eye and a steady step were pre-eminently needed, Mr. Symonds has hardly proved equal to his task. But much that is contained in these volumes is really extraneous to the history of the Italian Renaissance; while much is so good in itself that it seems almost ungracious to find fault with the rest.

THE HISTORY OF GREEK COINS.*

"IN few departments of historical research," says Mr. Head, "has more advance been made within the last half-century than in Greek numismatics, and in none perhaps is it more difficult for the student to gain access to the papers scattered up and down the pages of the publications of learned Societies which deal with the subject"; and he adds, with perhaps an excess of imagery, that "it has become incumbent upon the few who in this and other countries hold the key of knowledge, to pause for an interval to take stock of their possessions; to count their gains and arrange and classify the mass of new material which has been accumulated in years of patient inquiry; to eliminate the ore from the dross, of which there is no small quantity; and to piece together for the benefit of younger students the scattered fragments of truth which their predecessors and contemporaries have been at the pains of collecting."

No one who, with any knowledge of the subject, peruses the *Historia Numorum* can fail to convince himself that Mr. Head does possess the key to this storehouse of knowledge, and that he has spared no pains to place it at the service of students. This book, in fact, deserves as few do the German epithet of epoch-making in respect of the science with which it is concerned. In reviewing a work of this importance there would be something inappropriate in confining ourselves to a mere criticism of details, which is the ordinary task of the reviewer. It seems a fit occasion to try to some extent to take the measure of numismatics—of classical numismatics—as a whole, and to see in what degree it has advanced under recent students. If, therefore, we do not speak further of the many individual excellences of Mr. Head's book, it is because we consider it about as good as a book on this subject could be, and we will content ourselves with offering once for all our congratulations to the author. Whatever criticism we may have to make applies rather to the science which he is expounding than to Mr. Head's method of expounding it.

Though coin-collecting in a small way has always been rather a popular pursuit, numismatics, properly so called, has never at any time had many votaries, and at the present moment the fingers of both hands would suffice to enumerate the really distinguished living classical numismatists of Europe. Eckhel's *Doctrina Numorum veterum*, published at the end of last century, is one of the most extraordinary achievements in archaeology which have ever seen the light. It is questionable whether it does not deserve to be placed next after Winckelmann's *Geschichte der Kunst*. And yet the name of Eckhel is to this day unknown outside a tolerably narrow circle of special students. No one—at least of all Mr. Head himself—would think of placing the *Historia Numorum* anywhere but at a long interval behind Eckhel's work. Still, with the allowance of that interval, it is the most comprehensive book on the subject which has appeared since the *Doctrina*; and it affords us an adequate measure of the advance of Greek numismatics during the intervening period. Some of the lines of this advance are pointed out by Mr. Head himself. Two may be signalized as of capital importance. In the first place, owing chiefly to a scientific study of the metrology of the ancients, we are able to trace the history of money from the time of the first discovery of the art of coining down to our own day; or, if we are confining our attention to Greek numismatics, down to the final cessation of Greek coinage at the death of Gallienus in A.D. 268. The recovery of this history is, we say, chiefly due to the advance in the study of metrology, and the student of this aspect of numismatics may be recommended to the admirable chapters of Mr. Head's Introduction, which deal with the origin of the Greek monetary standards and the different routes by which they were brought from the East to the West. Mr. Head is known to write with special authority upon the metrology of Greek coins; he also writes with admirable precision and clearness. More, however, results from the recovery of the history of ancient money than even Mr. Head and Greek numismatists generally seem yet to have grasped. The history of the spread of the art of coining from place to place at once leads us to study the influence of any one currency upon the currency which succeeded it, and also to ask how it influenced, or was influenced by, the coinage of neighbouring States. We soon learn that in a great number of cases the choice of coin-types is determined by causes quite independent of individual caprice or local influence. We thus gain a corrective to the tendency of numismatists to read in a coin-type a much deeper meaning than there really exists there; and we remember, too, that such a type essentially is, even when it is most original, no more than a seal or heraldic sign of the power which issued it—*σύμβολον ἢ παράσημον τῆς πόλεως*, as Plutarch says—designed first of all to serve a definite commercial purpose, not to preserve memorials of local worship or local history for the benefit of after ages.

When, however, we find Mr. Head writing as follows about the agonistic types of the coinage of Sicily, we are justified in saying that he has neglected these considerations:—"Even before the age of Gelon and Hieron, whose victories at the great Greek games were celebrated by Pindar, it had been usual at many Greek towns in Sicily to perpetuate the memory of agonistic contests by the adoption of a quadriga crowned by victory, as the principal coin-type. It seems, nevertheless, certain that no one special victory can have been alluded to in these agonistic types"—a fact abundantly

evident for many reasons. But the types may, Mr. Head thinks, "have been regarded, though in no definite way, as a sort of invocation of the god who was the dispenser of victories; the Olympian Zeus, the Pythian Apollo, or some divinity, perhaps a River-god or a Fountain-nymph, in whose honour games may have been celebrated in Sicily itself. Some such local import would account for the presence of the victorious quadriga on the money of some of the non-Hellenic towns in Sicily, which would certainly never have been admitted to compete at the Olympian, the Pythian, or any other Greek games."

We have in this sentence an explanation just after the heart of the numismatist, especially of the classical numismatist. Supposing an agonistic type could never have been adopted save with reference to some definite agonistic contest, it may be necessary to indulge in this long series of subordinate hypotheses to account for agonistic types on the coins of non-Hellenic cities of Sicily. But surely a more simple explanation is that some one or more of the richer Sicilian cities—Syracuse, for example—set the fashion of using these agonistic types, and that the lesser cities simply followed suit. The fact that the early agonistic types of Syracuse were so arranged as to express the value of the coin (a quadriga for a tetra-drachm, a biga for a di-drachm, a horseman for a drachm) shows, as Mr. Head sees, that their types could have had no historical significance. But what Mr. Head fails to see is that it shows that the types had a very strict commercial significance; and, though this plan was not persevered in, the commercial significance of the agonistic type may very well have been sufficiently recognized to influence nearly all the other Sicilian coinages. In much the same way the two pillars on the Spanish colonial dollars became recognized as their characteristic type, and the modern sign for dollar was derived from these two pillars alone—all other elements of the "pillar" dollars being discarded. And *à propos* of this question we must confess a strong suspicion that the first Agrigentum decadrachms are derived from, and therefore later in date than, the first Syracuse decadrachms, whereas Mr. Head (though tentatively) assigns them to a slightly earlier date.

As, however, the special interest of Greek coin types among the whole history of the world's coinage is that they are so full of religious and historical allusion, we need not speak further on this negative result of modern study. How much upon the positive side recent research has likewise added we have only to read Mr. Head's book to discover. Professor Gardner's *The Types of Greek Coins* is largely devoted to illustrating the principles which governed the Greeks in their choice of subjects for the designs on coins. The history of the plague (or marsh sickness) at Selinus, and of its cure as commemorated on the coinage of that city, is one of the most interesting instances of an expressive coin-type to be found in the whole field of Greek numismatics. The reader will find the full description of it on p. 147 of this book. Another instance, curious enough in its way, is the appearance on some of the coins of Phintias, tyrant of Agrigentum, on one side of the head of Artemis with the legend "Sôteira," and on the other of a wild boar. Now Diodorus tells us in a passage, which Mr. Head cites, that Phintias was forewarned in a dream that he would meet his death from the tusk of a wild boar. We seem here, therefore, as Mr. Head says, "to have a clear instance of a coin-type having been chosen with the avowed object of propitiating the goddess Artemis, whose anger the tyrant probably thought he had incurred." The most speaking types of this kind are generally to be found in the coinage of Sicily or Magna Græcia; the coinage of Greece proper is more sober, simple, and statuesque.

The second way in which classical numismatics has made especial advance—and this is the most important way of all—is in the light which it sheds upon the progressive history of Greek art. By this means numismatics becomes the grammar of all classical archaeology. This is the aspect of the study which no archaeologist can henceforward afford to neglect, and which has been already neglected far too long. The (comparatively) large number of ancient coins which have come down to us, their connexion with commercial and political history, give us the means of dating them with an exactitude which is quite impossible in the case of objects of art alone. When we have dated them and arranged them in their historical sequences, we find that in every case they show certain definite stages of progression in respect of the art displayed in their designs. They thus become a criterion for the judgment of all classical art, which is found wherever represented to pass through the same stages of progress and decline which we have learned to recognize by studying classical coins. This is the great and final achievement of recent numismatic research, which has raised the whole study to an incomparably higher place than it took when coins were studied separately in and for themselves. It is, of course, only another application of the comparative principle which governs all modern scientific research. Mr. Head, in his introduction, distinguishes the following seven periods of art as illustrated by Greek numismatics:—

1. Period of Archaic Art, from the invention of coining till the time of the Persian Wars (B.C. 700, say—480).
2. Period of Transitional Art, from the Persian Wars to the Siege of Syracuse (B.C. 480—415).
3. Period of Finest Art, from the Siege of Syracuse to the Accession of Alexander (B.C. 415—336).
4. Period of Later Fine Art, from Alexander to the Death of Lysimachus (B.C. 336—280).
5. Period of the Decline of Art, from the Death of Lysimachus to the Roman Conquest of Greece (B.C. 280—146).

* *Historia Numorum: a Manual of Greek Numismatics.* By Barclay V. Head, Assistant-Keeper of Coins in the British Museum. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

6. Period of Continued Decline from the Roman Conquest of Greece to the Rise of the Roman Empire (B.C. 146-27).
7. Imperial Period, Augustus to Gallienus (B.C. 27-A.D. 268).

And this table we may call the synopsis of the Grammar of Classical Archaeology.

Considering, then, how much Greek numismatics has changed since the day when Eckhel gave it a sort of stereotyped form, it may be questioned whether we should not now do well to make considerable changes in that form. Eckhel's order of classification, which is followed by Mr. Head, as hitherto in the arrangement of almost all collections, public or private, has really nothing but prescription to recommend it, and is abhorrent to our historic sense. It may be doubted, again, whether the lines of demarcation between Greek and Roman numismatics should not be re-drawn, for it is certain that Mr. Head's book contains many coins (e.g. fig. 2, which used to be ascribed to Jugurtha and the Romano-Campanian coinage, p. 28) which are far more closely connected with the latter than with the former. Nor can we see why coins such as the early Jewish or Nabathean should find a place in a treatise on Greek numismatics.

The illustrations, of which the book is full, are not all of equal merit, but as a whole they are excellent. Occurring as they do singly, or but one or two upon a page, they prove more attractive to the eye, and, therefore, really serve better to illustrate the art of coins, than do autotype plates such as those in the British Museum Catalogue of Greek Coins, though of course the autotype plates are the more satisfactory for purely scientific purposes.

INDIAN ARCHITECTURE OF TO-DAY.*

THERE was a time in England, about eighty years ago, when modern (or Cockney) Gothic bore about the same relation to genuine mediæval architecture that modern Indian imitations seem to bear to the examples of the best dates in that country. To the student of the development of reproductions this may open up an interesting vista of study. But to the average lover of beauty for its own sake, it is scarcely satisfactory to find that examples of modern Indian architecture, which bear a very painful resemblance in many instances to the Pavilion at Brighton, are regarded as good examples of the way in which model buildings are designed and built now. The unfortunate truth is that, just as the introduction of aniline dyes has ruined the Oriental instinct for the mingling of brilliant and harmonious hues of colour, so European contact has debased the sense of Eastern architectural form. In the volume before us we probably have better examples of modern Indian architecture than exist in most places. Photographs are difficult to judge from when questions of texture, on which Oriental decoration so much depends, are concerned. The detail and proportions seem to be only moderately satisfactory. However, we can welcome with interest, if not with a very large amount of admiration, the conscientious efforts which the author has made to improve the architecture of the district with which he was connected, and with sympathy the efforts he has made to exhibit his work (in the form of photographs) to the British public.

HEINE'S TRAVEL-PICTURES.†

WE are inclined to think that the admirers of Heine, like the admirers of many other things and persons, are somewhat split up into sects—one sect especially loving his verse, while the other tacitly or avowedly prefers his prose. It is unnecessary to say to which we ourselves belong—indeed, we belong to both—but there is this to be said for (or against, if any one likes) the prose-lovers, that their Heine is much more easily to be exhibited to that not inconsiderable portion of mankind who do not read German with ease than the other fellows' Heine. We have before now frequently hinted, and we now boldly and openly repeat, our belief that Heine's verse is simply untranslatable. When it is at its least good and characteristic some fair Englishing of it (Amiel doubled with Gautier could never have got it into French) is possible; but when it is at its best the translator is powerless. The German trochee, Heine's favourite foot, is so peculiarly suited to the language, has such a mixture of laugh and cry in it, fits its sonorous vowels and its not exactly sonorous gutturals with such indifferent exactness, that it cannot be reproduced in another tongue. The equivalent English measure constantly substitutes out-and-out doggerel or burlesque for Heine's inimitable unison of lamentation and scorn; while any different metrical arrangement, however cleverly it may succeed in producing a similar effect, never produces the same. Mr. Storr himself is no more fortunate in his verses than the other adventurers before him, and so far he is at a disadvantage, the verses in the original *Reisebilder* being no small part of its charm, though, to be sure, they can hardly be said to be an integral part, inasmuch as the poet himself separated them with no loss of beauty, and printed them with the *Buch der Lieder*. Indeed, we are not sure that such exquisite work as the

"Ritter von dem heiligen Geist" poem does not show almost better when away from the touches of decidedly young and crude Voltairianism which occur in the prose. That the prose itself would lose terribly by its absence is, of course, undeniable.

This prose, however, can by the right man be translated; and we are very glad to bear testimony to the fact that Mr. Storr is the right man. His general competence for the task was, of course, known to every one who was himself competent—an every one, by the way, which does not seem to include some of his reviewers. It would be possible, no doubt, to pick out a few phrases in which he has missed the point; and, especially in the very difficult opening of the "Harzreise" itself, he is some little time before he "gets under way"—before he makes his translation-ship move easily and freely through the water. But the great merit of his version is that it is evidently not done merely by blows of diction. One of the faults which we have seen found with him turns exactly on this process, or the absence of it. Mr. Storr, like Mr. Leland, has very properly translated "abgekappter Kegel" to be "decapitated ninepin," which is undoubtedly right, is an exact image for the purpose of describing a hat, and is characteristic enough of Heine's fantastic imagery. One of Mr. Storr's reviewers, turning to his dictionary, and finding "abgekappter Kegel" to be "truncated cone" (which in the proper place it no doubt is), gravely accuses Mr. Storr of "absurdity" for preferring the other rendering. So have we known an irate translator, reversing the proceeding, quote, in vindication of an obviously unfit rendering of his which a reviewer had blamed, Johnson's Dictionary, or Thompson's Dictionary, or what not, where the said rendering was duly given. No doubt it was; but the translator in this case, the reviewer in the other, forgot that the hapless dictionary-maker has not the contexts of every possible occurrence of a word before him, and that the translator has, or ought to have, the context in his special case.

However, let us give a specimen of Mr. Storr:—

This community of thoughts and sentiments which I found existing among these island-folk has often prevailed among whole nations for whole generations. Such was the condition that the Roman Catholic Church of the Middle Ages doubtless wished to establish among all the corporate bodies of Europe, and that was why it took upon itself the tutelage of all the relations of life, all the forces and phenomena of human nature—in short, the whole physical and moral man. Indisputably much peaceful happiness resulted from its action; life was intensified and ennobled, and the arts flourished like flowers in a garden close, producing those perfect fruits which still excite our admiration, and which, with all our haste for knowledge, we cannot emulate. But the human spirit has its rights, which are eternal, and will not be hemmed in by dogmas, or rocked to sleep by the lullaby of church bells. It burst its prison walls and broke the iron leading-strings of Mother Church. Intoxicated with its liberty, it roved from land to land, scaled the highest mountain-peaks, shouted with exultation, revived old-world doubts, pried into the mysteries of the day, and counted the stars of night. We have not yet learned the number of the stars, the enigmas of to-day are not yet unriddled, the old doubts are again dominant—are we happier for it all than before? We know that, as regards the mass of mankind, it would be difficult to answer in the affirmative; but we also know that happiness which depends on a lie cannot be true happiness, and that in the rare moments when we approach nearer to the divine nature we feel more happiness from our sense of moral and intellectual dignity than in the long years through which we vegetated, swaddled in the mouldering creed of charcoal-burners.

A passage like this, taken as nearly as possible at random, and compared carefully with the original, seldom fails to give a good test of the quality of the translation. A minute criticism or two might be made, such as that the change from "the day" to "to-day" rather mars Heine's turn of words, and that the arrangement of the last sentence is unnecessarily distorted. But from this test, which we have applied with exactness, Mr. Storr comes out very well, as well as from the less decisive, but also necessary, experiment of reading different passages without the original to see how far a generally readable as well as particularly faithful standard is attained. His volume, however, is rather a composite one, for reasons which he has explained in his preface. He has given the "Harzreise," "Norderney," and the "Buch Le Grand"; but not the Berlin letters, or the "Ueber Polen," which are included in the last edition as making up the first part of the *Reisebilder*, nor the *Memoiren*, nor anything from the Italian or English sketches of the second part. To fill up his volume he has taken the "Romantische Schule" out of *Deutschland*, and has translated that, finding in it no doubt considerably less difficulty of all kinds than in the quips and cranks and ultra-Shandean fancies of the *Reisebilder* proper.

The volume thus given forms an excellent introduction for the English reader, as far as such an introduction is possible, to a writer unsurpassed during the present century (of which he was "one of the first men") in many of the finest qualities of literature. It is not too much to say that the old debate between Schiller's and Goethe's claims to be the chief representative of German literature has with some good judges of modern letters given way to a debate between the claims of Goethe and Heine. The somewhat acid compliments interchanged between the two, and continued by Heine after Goethe's death, contain, as it were, a sort of consciousness of this rivalry. In bulk and range of production there can, of course, be no comparison; and even if single works be relied on, Heine has nothing to put by *Faust*, though the *Reisebilder* and the *Buch der Lieder* have nothing to fear from anything else of Goethe's. In a constructive power, in the sense of literary architecture, in sustained argumentative arrangement, Heine again is nowhere. But, on the other hand, it must be remembered that, while Goethe has passages, pages, almost volumes, of stuff which only "Goetheaner" can pretend to admire, Heine is always Heine. And it must also be remembered that, admirable as was Goethe's

* *Indian Architecture of To-day, as exemplified in New Buildings in the Behlulshahr District.* By F. S. Growse, C.I.E., Bengal Civil Service.

† *Travel-Pictures.* By Heinrich Heine. Translated by F. Storr. London: George Bell & Sons.

lyrical gift at its very best, it was faint and intermittent compared with that shown in the extraordinary volume of lyrical poetry which extends from the "Nord-See" to "Bimini" with hardly a page that does not contain some precious jewel of poetry. Nothing can well be better than the "König in Thule," or the "Heidenroslein," or the last choruses of the Second Part of *Faust*; but there is something as good and more unique in scores and hundreds of Heine's poems. We can conceive other men writing the very best of Goethe's work; but the mixture of *Laune* and *Wehmuth*, the incomparable ironic appreciation of the joys and woes of life, the tone, unmatched out of Shakspeare, in which, as M. Taine, with the just indignation of an orderly Frenchman at such unseemly conduct, once observed, "Il se moque de ses émotions au moment même où il s'y livre" (and, as he might have added, "se livre à ses émotions au moment même où il s'en moque"), is found in Heine alone, or elsewhere only, as said, in Shakspeare, and perhaps in a few touches of Burns. Most things in literature can be got at this shop or that, according to the taste and fancy of the customer. It is only the very greatest who have an absolute monopoly of a particular thing; Heine has such a monopoly, and he is therefore of the very greatest.

This most peculiar quality of his is naturally shown less in his prose. It is not merely that the whole manner of prose lends itself less easily to his special faculty than the "winged instrument" of verse, though there is much in this. Although he is sometimes of a Swiftian or Smollettian coarseness, even in verse, this ugly side of the Teutonic character naturally has much more room to show itself in prose. His, on the whole rather unlucky, imitation of Voltaire, which in verse frequently acquires a kind of wild gracefulness, a fantastic invention which saves it from the charge of merely mopping and mowing, is also commoner and coarser in prose; while, on the other hand, his German indulgence in the merely grotesque is similarly intensified when he has doffed his wings and taken to staff and shoon. Yet it is only by comparison that it is proper to speak thus. Even by reading the volume before us the reader may—indeed, if he is a capable reader, must—soon perceive, not merely the light, bright, sword-like play of Heine's wit, the quaint gambols of his humour, the scorn and freedom of his independence and contempt of mere convention and mere authority, but also that intense and unsurpassed pathos which is poles asunder both from the grinning sensibility of Sterne or the weeping sensibility of Werther, and which, in combination with his Aristophanic *vis comica*, distinguishes him from almost all other writers. It might be possible to pick out isolated passages—such as, for instance, to take the first two that occur to us, the strange description of the headsman's banquet in the *Memoiren*, and the well-known "Nachwort" to the "Romanzero"—which exhibit his power better than anything here. But no one can fail to see it in the latter part of the "Harzreise" and in many passages of the "Ideen." It was very well, too, that Mr. Storr should include the "Romantische Schule," because this shows Heine, at times at least, in quite a different light, and brings out his critical power. His habit of writing with something like a deliberate rejection of seriousness, and his strong and by no means scrupulous personalities and dislikes, frequently obscure this power, so that, like Hazlitt (to whom Heine has some odd resemblances), he is a critic to be taken with many grains of salt. But, if you can get him well salted, he is one of the acutest critics that ever lived, as well as one of the most admirable of describers, one of the quaintest of fantasists, and one of the greatest of poets.

PURITAN CATECHISMS.*

THE Shorter Catechism of the Westminster Assembly holds so great a place in the religious history of Scotland that it well deserves to be made the subject of a monograph. Professor Mitchell, who has already dealt with it in a work on the Assembly, has in the present volume re-told the circumstances of its composition, and has exhibited in a convenient form the relations in which it stands to sundry other catechisms, previously compiled by English and Scotch Puritans. The merits of a complicated method of catechizing, adopted by a clergyman named Palmer in a catechism that is reprinted here, were strongly urged on the Committee by the Scotch Commissioners and by the author himself. After much debate, Palmer's method was rejected, while, as regards doctrine, the Committee gave their catechisms a far more Calvinistic tone than is to be discerned in his work. The Shorter Catechism, "the ripe fruit of the Assembly's thought and experience," shows, as Professor Mitchell points out, certain points of likeness to some earlier compositions. The reader is enabled to judge of this for himself; for not only is the Shorter Catechism given here, with notes comparing its statements with those of other Calvinistic catechisms, but the more famous of these earlier catechisms are also reprinted from the best editions. These reprints are prefaced by lives of the catechism-makers, which, though accurate as far as they go, strike us as somewhat perfunctory. As Nichols, in his *History of Leicestershire*, has evidently made a mistake as to Daniel Cawdrey's parentage, we expected to find some more precise information on the subject than that he

* *Catechisms of the Second Reformation*. With Historical Introduction and Biographical Notices. By Alexander F. Mitchell, D.D., Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University of St. Andrews. London: Nisbet & Co.

was "the son of an old Nonconformist minister." The name of his father is correctly stated in the *Dictionary of National Biography*. More, too, should have been said of John White's work in the foundation of Massachusetts, and the notice of Ussher is singularly jejune. The bibliographical portion of the work is executed in a thoroughly scholarlike fashion.

MR. BEATTY KINGSTON'S MUSIC AND MANNERS.*

DURING a residence of many years in Central and Eastern Europe Mr. Beatty Kingston, who, together with a passion for music, possesses a marked taste for politics, seems to have made the acquaintance of nearly all the eminent composers of the Continent, many of the leading statesmen, and a considerable number of pianists and diplomatists; including a few political and musical artists, who, like Herr von Keudell, Count Joannini, and Cardinal Haynald, practise both diplomacy and the piano. Mr. Kingston strives, happily without perfect success, to keep his musical and his political experiences apart; and the two large volumes in which these experiences are set forth being entitled *Music and Manners* (a title which we inadvertently borrowed last week), it may have occurred to him, as it will certainly occur to some of his readers, that manners and music are distinct things. In Liszt the two were, of course, found together. But where are the manners of Herr Rubinstein, when, his attention being wholly absorbed by the key-board, he allows his burning cigarette to scorch and sear the rosewood of the piano on which he has laid it down? It must be admitted, however, that Mr. Kingston uses the word "manners" in a much wider sense than that in which a careless Herr Rubinstein or an irascible Herr von Bülow may be said not to possess them.

The author intersperses his volumes with a few autobiographical particulars, from which it appears that, the child of musical parents, he learned to sing before he could speak and to play the piano before he could spell. At an early age, too, he found himself in the society of the most distinguished professors of an art which he has never ceased to cultivate, and which, in Germany and Austria, as in Italy, Russia, and Roumania, could not fail to open to him many doors which might otherwise have remained closed. His wide knowledge of music, not only as a technical product, but as a manifestation of national peculiarities (it is thus that he chiefly views it in Servia and Roumania), enables him to mark points of race that would naturally escape the notice of other less specially qualified observers; and the popular music of a nation is often as valuable an indication of its origin as even its spoken language. Into this branch of ethnology, so much neglected (and for obvious reasons), Mr. Kingston enters readily at every opportunity. Japanese music he has studied only at Knightsbridge, in the Japanese Village. He has heard Egyptian music, and has speculated as to its origin and its want of development in Egypt itself. But he is most at home in dealing with the national melodies of Roumania and Servia, which he considers in connexion with those of the surrounding countries; and Roumania seems to have adopted strains from the minstrelsy of her neighbours just as she has adopted words from their languages. In Western Europe ethnology possesses scientific interest only. But in the unsettled East it is too closely connected with linguistic and political questions to be studied in a calm spirit; and when Russians and Poles argue as to whether some popular air, probably of Ruthenian origin, belongs to Poland or to Russia, the point in dispute is really whether the Ruthenian provinces of ancient Poland are to be looked upon as Polish or as Russian. Mr. William Chappell proved, something like a quarter of a century ago, that a number of popular airs generally believed to have come from Scotland had really been composed by Englishmen in England; and, by doing so, caused no perceptible feeling of bitterness in a nation which he thus, with a few strokes of his pen, deprived of some musical glory. But Liszt, by claiming for the gipsies (in his work on *The Gipsies and their Music in Hungary*) melodies which the Hungarians had been accustomed to look upon as of pure Hungarian growth rendered himself unpopular for a time even with his own admiring countrymen, and brought down upon himself severe condemnation from all thoroughgoing Hungarian patriots. Mr. Kingston, whose book is one long *causerie* on the music, the musicians, the politics, and the national peculiarities of the countries in which he has lived, has no musico-ethnological system with which to confuse and distress his reader. But his wide knowledge of music, including the popular music of many different lands, makes his observations on musical characteristics really valuable.

Mr. Kingston has played duets with Liszt, and he has put his finger on that particular rib of Prince Bismarck's that was struck by the pistol-bullet of young Blind. Brahms, Joachim, Rubinstein, Goldmark, and the members of the Strauss family he knew intimately when he was staying in Vienna. In Servia princes and Ministers confided to him the various crimes, political and matrimonial, in which they had acted or suffered a part; and here he played duets with Count Joannini, the Italian Minister or diplomatic agent. At Rome his partner in duets was Archbishop (afterwards Cardinal) Haynald. At Bucharest he met in the same house Prince Gortchakoff and the ultra-Liberal Roumanian Minister Rosetti, who had a quiet political duet of their own, and

* *Music and Manners*. By W. Beatty Kingston. London: Chapman & Hall.

at last separated without either of them saying to the other what he really thought of him. The Roumanians have often complained that Prince Gortchakoff, during his residence at Bucharest, behaved with the most unbecoming levity; as though, apart from all question of self-respect, the "City of Joy" were a place where no one, and certainly not a foreigner, and least of all a Russian, need trouble himself about rules and conventions of any kind.

The story of Prince Bismarck's struggle with young Blind is more exciting than that of Prince Gortchakoff's conversation with Rosetti. "I owe my extraordinary escape from death," said Prince Bismarck, "partly to the solidity and hardness of my rib, and partly to the strength of my muscles. Blind had nearly raised his pistol when I grappled with him, and got his right arm in a tight grip, which I never relaxed until he was secured by a patrol of the Guard. Of the five shots he fired whilst we were struggling, only this one," pointing to his side, "took effect. I had my wits about me, and I managed to keep his pistol-hand bent outwards, except just at the end of the tussle, when he succeeded in turning the barrel full upon my body. But the bullet, though it stung me so sharply that I thought it had gone clean through me, only glanced off my rib." Immediately afterwards, however, the Prince was in real danger; for the soldier who, hearing the shots, had come to see what was the matter, saw in the first place that a big man was grappling with a small one, and, for the sake of fair play, prepared to attack the former, and was about to come down with the butt-end of his musket on Bismarck's bald head, when suddenly the cry of "Hold on! I am Bismarck!" stopped him—indeed paralysed him with fear.

During his stay in Berlin Mr. Kingston became convinced that the Prussians, with all their love and all their just appreciation of fine music, have no ear for singing, being alike unable to sing in tune themselves and careless as to the singing in tune of others. Our own observations on this painful subject would lead us rather to say that the Prussians like to hear the right note, but do not trouble themselves about the quality of the tone. Roughness, combined with accuracy, is certainly tolerated by them both in vocal and instrumental performances; originally, perhaps, because they could get nothing better; then, after a time, because they had become used to it and did not mind. Mr. Kingston, however, is supported in his view that the North Germans, and, indeed, the Germans generally, do not and cannot sing in tune by no less an authority than Richard Wagner, who, apart from his character as composer, must during a long experience as musical conductor have had abundant opportunities of forming an opinion on the subject. After pointing out that "from a physiological point of view the Germans lack the true methodical voice-gift," Wagner, in the true spirit of paradox, proceeds to argue that to this defect may be ascribed "the mighty influence that for a century past Germany has exercised upon the development of music; inasmuch as the creative force of a people exerts itself in the direction in which Nature has been a niggard of her gifts to it rather than in that indicating lavish liberality on her part." A simpler and more natural explanation of the "mighty influence exercised by Germany upon the development of music" would be that, lacking voices, she has turned to instruments; and over the realm of instrumental music (as a glance at the programme of any high-class concert will show) Germany reigns unquestioned and supreme.

Naturally Mr. Kingston has much to say about Wagner, and still more about the fanatical sect of Wagnerites. Nor does he forget Hanslick, the most uncompromising of all Wagner's hostile critics—now for the most part silent, but in great force twenty years ago. So impartial, indeed, is he in judging matters Wagnerian that, while full of admiration for the *Meistersinger*, he recalls without contrition the fact that on the production of that work at Vienna he sent to the *Daily Telegraph*, where it duly appeared, a full translation of Hanslick's elaborate tirade against it. His reason for doing so was that "there has probably never been written, before or since, so brilliant or truly slashing a musical criticism." He admits that the effect of the article was probably to inspire many Englishmen with a life-long prejudice against "the noblest, most genial, and most melodious of Wagner's lyric dramas." But, on the other hand, some of Hanslick's definitions were very happy; and this may certainly be said of the definition he gives, as quoted by Mr. Kingston, of "infinite melody":—"The substitution of vague, incongruous melodizing for independent, shapely limbed melodies. . . . This melody is not entrusted to the voices, but to the orchestra, where, being 'infinite,' it is wound out as though it were passing through a spinning-jenny. This melody-weaving orchestral accompaniment constitutes in reality Wagner's coherent and substantial sound picture, the voice being compelled to accommodate itself to the accompaniment by also weaving phrases into it, half declaimed, half sung." Among the witnesses cited by Mr. Kingston on behalf of Wagner, one who does not precisely strengthen the Wagnerian case is Herr Edmund von Hagen, author of *Contributions towards an Insight into the Being of Wagnerian Art*. "The note A," writes Von Hagen, in one of the finest of his outbursts, "constituting the first bar of the *Rienzi* overture, and blown upon the trumpet, is to me a glorious example of how the physiognomy of a true poet may be quite distinctly stamped upon the surface of a single note, and may unmistakably look us in the face out of that single note. This A—the first note of Wagner's first published opera—tells us that Wagner is an originally creative artist. At the same time it is of beautiful significance that the trumpet call in question should also be a summons to freedom. Thus the one tone, in its form and capacity, contains Wagner in nuce. The

trumpeter who has to sound the A in question must know this. He must be inwardly conscious of what he is blowing when he blows this note; he must be penetrated through and through with the knowledge that this note belongs to liberty. Should the trumpeter only comprehend this note as a musician, and confine himself to sounding it correctly, musically speaking—that is, exactly as it is written—he had better go about his business. Were he even the leading Operatic Virtuoso in a Court Orchestra, he is certainly no artist, and is utterly unfit to perform Wagner's music." This cry of joy over a single note recalls the speech of Bilboquet in *Les Saltimbanques*; who, finding that the young man just admitted into the company as trombone-player can extract from his formidable instrument but one note, comforts him with the assurance that "the lovers of that note will be delighted."

In connexion with Wagner Mr. Kingston points out that the only prima donna of the highest celebrity who has never sung in any of his operas is Mme. Adelina Patti; and one of the most interesting chapters in a thoroughly interesting book is that in which he gives an account of a week's stay at Mme. Patti's castle in Wales.

AN ENGLISH CLASSICAL REVIEW.

THE publication of the first number of the *Classical Review* (David Nutt) may be an important event in the development of English scholarship. If the editors succeed in keeping up the high note which is struck in their prefatory prospectus, they will do as much as they hope and intend for the improvement of classical learning. If Germany can maintain a score of these periodicals, one classical review may fairly count upon living and thriving in England. The best thing in Professor Nettleship's article is a remark which he quotes of Jacob Bernays:—"Do not translate our books; write afresh in your own language and from your own circle of ideas." The admonition and reproach conveyed in these words are less required and deserved than they once were. The indications of indigenous vigour may be seen on all sides, and one of them is the publication of the *Classical Review*. This enterprise will be specially welcome to those who review classical books for "the journals of general literature." Often and often a work which represents years of scholarly research has to be dismissed with twenty or thirty lines of criticism. It is not an easy task to be just and also brief. "I must apologize for sending a long letter," wrote somebody, "but I have not time to write a short one." Nothing in the scheme adopted for the *Classical Review* is more commendable than the wide scope which is taken of the work before it:—"As regards its subject-matter, the Review will deal with all that concerns the language, life, and literature of Greece and Rome to the year 800 A.D. in the case of the Western, and the year 1453 A.D. in the case of the Eastern Empire, as well as with the history of classical scholarship up to the present time." And in the concluding words of the same paragraph we are told that no regard will be paid to the distinction commonly made between sacred and profane literature. This is all as it should be; and if the editors act up to their professions, they will awaken "classical" scholars to the fact that other writers of Greek and Latin are worthy of study besides those who are recognized in the University examinations.

"A further use of the Review will be to serve as a receptacle for notes and queries and adversaria of any kind. It constantly happens that a scholar in the course of his studies makes an emendation, or strikes out a new interpretation of a disputed passage, or lights upon an interesting illustration, or discovers inaccuracies in some work of authority, yet nothing comes of his discoveries, because he does not know where to send them." This appears to be the most promising and most essential of the objects proposed by the *Classical Review*. It is to be regretted that the editors have not devoted more of the space in their first number to the "Notes." With a staff of nearly one hundred and fifty contributors, each of whom may be presumed to possess at least one notion worthy of record, they have at present only picked out three samples of what we hope will be a "leading article." Mr. J. E. Sandys has a column to show that the croaking of the Greek Frog (*rana esculenta*) was adequately represented in *ῥάνα ῥάνα* (Aristoph. *Ran.* 209). Mr. Cecil Torr suggests reasons for "taking off a millennium or so" from the age assigned to the Greek vases from Thera; and Mr. R. D. Hicks records the discovery of fragments of Arist. *Pol.* iii. and iv. on a palimpsest in the Vatican Library. But, in spite of their antiquity (the handwriting being assigned to the tenth century), they do not appear to furnish new readings, or "to assist greatly in determining the text." They "abound in errors of every kind; dittographia, omission of words and clauses by homoteleuton, or other accidental causes, and careless orthography." Here it may be remarked that one of the editors of the *Classical Review* might well be deputed to revising the proofs with greater care than is shown in the first number. Harsh measure is often dealt out to the unhappy scribe who made a few slips in copying hundreds and thousands of lines written in a language which he did not understand; but the scholars who criticize him might keep a look-out for misprints.

The most serious fault of the *Classical Review* is that we do not get enough for our money. Thirty-two pages for eightpence would be a fair bargain if the pages were all of them filled with good and solid matter. But nobody would pay a half-

penny a page for the article on "Greek and Latin Classics and English Literature." If the authorities at Oxford are really and truly intending to take all the zest out of English literature by making it the subject of lectures and examinations, they may be making a sad mistake; but it need not concern the votaries of classical scholarship. They, at least, need not trouble themselves to read what Mr. Sidgwick thinks about what forty-five eminent persons wrote to an evening paper about Mr. Churton Collins and his scheme. A slightly better excuse may be found for the insertion of the Oxford and Cambridge letters, because they might have contained matters which deserved the dignity of print. And in the Cambridge letter there are, in fact, two short paragraphs which answer to this description. They relate to the recent work of the Philological Society. The Oxford letter rambles on and on about certain courses of lectures which are either announced or being delivered, and ends up with a complete list of classical scholarships awarded and offered. "Master Tomkins major (from the Giggleswick High School) was elected to an exhibition at Wadham College, Oxford." This is all very interesting to Master Tomkins, his papa, his mamma, and the head-master of the G. H. S.; but it does not concern the development of classical learning in England. Presumably the editors and publisher know their own business; but to the outsider it seems that their spirited and promising enterprise will enjoy a much better chance of permanent success if it drops the popular element altogether and appeals only to those who will alone support it—those who love scholarship for its own sake. It is undignified and useless for it to enter into competition with the educational journals. It can never obtain a wide circulation; but it ought to get and keep the support of all English scholars. It will thrive if it is found good enough to be bound at the year's end, and kept on the library shelves. But the rubbish must be remorselessly expelled; otherwise the *Classical Review* will be like the other magazines, forgotten with the month which brought it to light.

The solid part of the Review for this month consists in the elaborate notices of classical books. Mr. Walter Leaf, writing on Professor Jebb's *Introduction to the Iliad and Odyssey*, could not fail to be learned and interesting. He takes the opportunity of announcing his own, as well as Professor Jebb's, adhesion to the "Crystallization Theory" of the *Iliad*. Professor Nettleship, in his article about Mayor's *Thirteen Satires of Juvenal*, begins by finding a little fault with the editor's discursiveness. He mentions a few variations introduced among the readings; and then he settles down comfortably to a page of very easy writing all about the data for Juvenal's biography, and the literal truth of his satirical descriptions of life at Rome. Another review of another edition of the same author is contributed by Mr. Robinson Ellis. This is work of a very different kind; laboriously condensed, full of facts, and suggestive of ideas. Remarking that Bücheler's edition of Otto Jahn's *Persius* and Juvenal contains the *scholia*, Mr. Ellis gives information about other editions that possess the same merit which will be valued by scholars who cannot afford to buy books at random. He summarizes the results of the work on *codices* done by Bücheler, Rudolf Beer, and others; and finally discusses some of the variants recently introduced, many of them "convincingly right." Of these the most attractive is *mulio consul* (Florilegium Sangallense) at *Juv. Sat. viii. 148*:—

Ipsæ rotam astringit sufflamine mulio consul

instead of

Ipsæ rotam astringit multo sufflamine consul.

Another tempting emendation is suggested by Mr. Ellis on his own account at *Sat. i. 135-6*:—

*Optima silvarum interea pelagique vorabit
Rex horum vacuisque toris stantium ipsæ jacebit.*

Archæology is represented by a detailed report of the acquisitions made in the year 1886 by the British Museum. It is intended to keep this up to date by monthly notes. Mr. E. L. Hicks contributes the first instalment of a treatise upon "Some Political Terms employed in the New Testament." As might be expected from an accomplished epigraphist, he makes plentiful use of ancient inscriptions, particularly in the word *πάροικος* used in some towns to denote the status elsewhere designated by *μέτοικος*. Mr. Hicks remarks that *πάροικος* seems to grow more frequent the further we go eastward. Other terms discussed in this valuable article are *πόλις*, *πολίτευμα*, *προστάντις*, *κτίσις*, *βασιλεύς*, *μετοικέειν* and *φρουρά*.

Mr. A. S. Murray leads off with an ingenious dissertation on Myron's *Prista*, mentioned in Pliny (*Nat. Hist. xxxiv. 57*). Starting from the assumptions that *prista* stands for a group of sawyers, and that Myron worked only in the round, not in bas-relief, he maintains that the saw and piece of wood cannot be reconciled with the principles of Greek statuary. This leads him to suggest that the word might have been applied to a "game in which the process of sawing was imitated in some measure." To illustrate his view he points to a vase in the British Museum "which represents two satyrs playing at a game like our see-saw, with this difference—important for a group in the round—that each is within arm's reach of the other." Mr. Murray supports his theory by a chain of careful arguments, which will not be found dull by those who follow them out conscientiously.

We have made no scruple about pointing out what we believe

to be the faults of this first number of the *Classical Review*, because we are confident that its great merits and greater promise entitle it to a success which we should like to see complete and unalloyed.

IN HOURS OF LEISURE.*

THERE is less difference than might in the circumstances be expected between the quality of those poems in Mr. Clifford Harrison's volume that are designed for recitation and those of a personal or reminiscent character. In some instances the writer has not altogether avoided the vein of reflective fancy and subdued melancholy that marks the latter class of poetry, even while most intent on attaining the histrionic effect aimed at in the former. Thus the delicate suggestions of the romantic world of youth set forth in a charming reverie, entitled "The Friends," are the richer and vaguer outcome of the retrospective mood that produces the more definite, vignette-like pictures in "The Bells of Is." The reader who turns instinctively, and with justice, to the poems for recitation can scarcely fail to note this link of affinity. On the whole, Mr. Harrison's powers are best exemplified in "The Hour before the Dawn," "A Legend of Chertsey," "Faithful unto Death," and other pieces for recitation. It is in the diversity of subjects here treated that the writer's command of emotional expression is most noteworthy. With the growing popularity of recitations a demand has arisen for fresh material suitable for platform declamation. The abundant resources of English poetry are to a great extent only available to the reciter who is willing to apply the abhorred shears, and fortunately the better sort of reciters wisely refrain from offering the beauties of the poets in the unsatisfactory form of elegant extracts. In the innumerable and very popular ballads founded on thrilling incidents of our own time we have one source of the new supply that cannot be said to fulfil present needs or to enrich literature. Some of these pieces celebrate genuine heroism in a hyperbolic strain of tawdry sentiment that renders the hero utterly impossible and ridiculous; while others sing the virtues of Costermonger Bill and the baffling of the bold and bad Baronet to an accompaniment of rant and twaddle that nauseates any but the most robust and untutored innocent. Mr. Clifford Harrison gives one example only of the poetry of actuality based on newspaper records; but the story of heroic devotion to duty told in "The Signalman" is treated with rare reticence of sentiment and the judgment of an artist. From the simple and vivid transcript of the scene to the absorbing climax there is not a superfluous phrase. "The Bells of Is," with its quiet beauty of imagery and pathetic grace, piquantly contrasts with the terser and incisive style of "The Signalman." Founded on the old legend of the sea-buried city with its jangling bells, it is a delicate amplification of M. Renan's fantastic application of the Breton legend to his thoughts and opinions, a "recalcitrant congregation," bidden to prayer by the bells of the buried past. Mr. Harrison's poem presents a succession of pleasing images called forth by the plaintive yearning of retrospective fancy. Here are delightful pictures

Of a quaint old-fashioned town,
Red roofs beside a river
Where barges go up and down;
Of days when wheat and poppies
And I were much of a height,
And the grass seemed a tropic jungle;
And butterflies, blossoms in flight.
Of radiant summer evenings,
With voices of children afar;
As, lying awake, I would listen
And watch for the evening star.

And here is all Switzerland in miniature:—

A lonely mountain pasture;
Fir forests far below;
The moonlight on the glacier,
The sunset on the snow;
The tinkle of the cow-bells,
The plash of mountain rills;
The avalanche's thunder
Among the eternal hills.

Mr. Harrison, at times, lapses into verbal infelicities that can hardly be more than the result of inattention. In the poem quoted the grass was, and did not merely "seem," a jungle in the wonder-world of the child. In "The Statue," a soliloquy possessing distinct conceptive power marred in the execution, the verse

And where the transept cuts across the nave

is a curious specimen of the inelegance that is easy to avoid, though extremely disconcerting to a nice ear. There is more than enough, however, of the harmony of numbers in Mr. Harrison's book to prove that such blemishes must be attributed to oversight.

THE ANTIQUARY.†

IN these days, when Archæological Societies are so numerous and so active, it must be very difficult even for the cleverest editor to keep up to a high standard a periodical which has no

* *In Hours of Leisure*. By Clifford Harrison. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1887.

† *The Antiquary*. Vol. XIV. London: Elliot Stock.

connexion with any one Antiquarian Society. The last volume of *The Antiquary* is very far from attaining to a high level of excellence, as indeed might be expected, seeing that it has apparently had no editor of any sort. The article on Ancient Tapestry is simply a string of the most ludicrous blunders. The beautiful Greek vase of about 400 B.C., on which is represented Penelope sadly seated by her tapestry loom, is given as of the date 2000 B.C. ! The Egyptian loom, from a painting in what the writer calls the "Nypogeum" of Beni Hassan, is said to be of 300 B.C.—a blunder of almost equal extent in the other direction. The following passage is too funny not to be quoted:—"The peplos of Athena embroidered by the virgins of Errephore was renewed every forty-seven years, and carried in procession . . . such a peplos occurs on a hydra [sic] in the British Museum." That Errephore is not the name of a place, and that the peplos was renewed every five years, are not very recondite pieces of learning, especially now that a beautifully illustrated treatise on the Parthenon sculpture containing these facts about the peplos is to be bought at the British Museum for the moderate sum of sixpence.

Happily some of the contributions are of a better sort, especially Mr. F. F. Ordish's series of articles on the old theatres of London, and Mr. J. J. Foster's on English Miniature Painters and Enamellers, both of which are carefully written and contain much that is valuable. On the whole, it would seem to be a mistake for a periodical like this to compete with the publications of English societies; and it might be far more useful and probably more financially successful if it were compiled on a quite different plan—namely, that of giving a careful abstract of the more important papers in all the Archaeological Societies' proceedings in this country. This would supply a real want, and the *Antiquary* would then form a sort of index to all the scattered publications which are now brought out in such numbers.

If that were done, the student of any branch of English archaeology would consult the *Antiquary* for reference to the various scattered papers on that special subject. It need hardly be said that for this purpose a good editor would be essential.

POPULAR TALES AND FICTIONS.*

MR. CLOUSTON has written two pleasantly discursive volumes on the history of popular tales and jests, and Messrs. Blackwood have produced them with much beauty of type and paper. This really is, in outward aspect, a satisfactory book. As to the contents, they will interest the general reader by their flow of story, jest, and anecdote. The student will probably complain that he "gets no forrarder." Mr. Clouston appears, as far as he has any fixed opinions about the origin and diffusion of popular tales, to think they arose in Asia and India, and were diffused, partly by written literature, partly by transmission from mouth to mouth, in the course of war and commerce. He tries "to unite European stories with their Asiatic originals or prototypes." Mr. Clouston, so far, is of the school of Benfey and of M. Cosquin, whose *Contes de Lorraine* we reviewed not long ago. Mr. Clouston thinks that the "independent invention and development" of the popular stories "by persons living in countries and in times far apart is, as Sir George Cox justly observes, what no reasonable man could have the hardihood to maintain."

Distinguiamus. We have no hard-and-fast theory of the origin and diffusion of popular tales. Some may have been first invented in Asia or India, and may have been transmitted to the Eskimo, the Namaquas, the Samoans, the Hurons, the Malagasies. It may be so, and it is certain that many *contes* did come, in a literary vehicle, from the India of the middle ages into mediæval Europe. But when the same plots, and still more frequently the same incidents marshalled in various plots, are found in the remotest corners of the earth, we do ask MM. Benfey, Cosquin, and Clouston for a critical and historical theory of the manner of the transmission. If we find that the Vedic quarrel between Indra and Vritra, the water-swallower, recurs (with a frog instead of a serpent for monster) in the Andaman Islands, Australia, and (in the Jesuit *Relations*) in Canada of 1650, then we ask whether this fable was carried from India to the Hurons, the Andamanese, and the Australians, or whether it was separately invented. Popular tales consist of various arrangements of a few incidents and ideas. These incidents and ideas, or many of them, might be invented anywhere. Magic, and the condition of mind which begets the belief in magic, provides a large number of the situations. Now, a belief in magic is practically the same, with comparatively slight variety of details, almost everywhere. Let us take an example from Mr. Clouston (i. 169). He gives cases from the *Arabian Nights*, and from the Orpheus legend of persons who come to grief because they look behind, when looking behind had been forbidden. "The prototype of such incidents seems to be the fate of Lot's wife." Now Lot's wife is merely a very early example in literature. The prohibition to look round, when Divine power or magic is at work behind, meets us in Theocritus, Virgil, among the Red Indians, the Khonds, and the Zulus, only to take examples that at once occur to the memory. If you disregard the prohibition, "Heaven only knows what may happen." The incident of punishment inflicted for breaking a rule of magic may be invented separately wherever this rule of magic

exists. Are we to believe that all such rules were borrowed from India or Asia? Again, the belief in the descent of living men to Hades, and their return, occurs in North America, Zululand, New Zealand, New Caledonia, the Solomon Islands, Mexico, Finland, and Greece. The idea and incident based on the prohibition to look round is connected with this belief in Greece. But in the Iroquois Orpheus story, as in the German variant preserved by Sabinus, and quoted by Sandys in his *Ovid*, quite a different prohibition is imposed; of course it is broken, with the usual results. In the same passage Mr. Clouston quotes an incident of popular tales in which some object magically indicates the welfare of a distant friend. He gives Russian, Arab, Icelandic, Kalmuk, Indian, Malagasy, and Gaelic versions. But he does not say that the use of such significant objects is part of the everyday magic of the Australian blacks, while it has a firm hold (in a form closely resembling the Australian) among the Zulus, and is found in the ancient Egyptian story of "The Two Brothers." The incident might appear in a story, wherever the actual belief exists or has existed. Now the conjunction of several incidents, all based on widely diffused ideas, makes up a plot, and therefore we have not the hardihood to deny that story-plots may be separately invented in widely distant countries. Meanwhile, no good reason, as far as we know, is ever given for thinking that India or Asia is the original home of all stories, or of most of them, though decidedly many stories in literary form came from Asia and India. That was because in Asia and India literary form was given to them early. To some it was given in Egypt, long before we know anything of India at all.

Let us take a familiar incident of popular story. Some person or persons, captured by cannibals, turn the tables on the ogre, and make him kill, or eat, some of his own family, while the strangers escape. "Hop o' my Thumb" (*Le Petit Poucet* of Perrault) is the familiar example. His artful conduct greatly annoyed Mr. George Cruikshank, who rewrote the story as a protest.

The dodge may be either to cook the cannibal, in place of being cooked by him, or to beguile him into cooking, or killing, his kinsfolk, whom, by all the best etiquette of cannibalism, he may not eat. In Zululand, Uhlakayana gets the cannibal's mother to play with him at being cooked, and to take first innings. He never lets her out of the pot. In Grimm's *Hänsel und Gretel* the witch is baked by Gretel. Did the Zulus get the incident from Grimm? In South Siberia, as in Aberdeen, the captive makes a relation of the captor's get into the bag where she, or he, is kept, ready for the spit. Perrault's Hop o' my Thumb changes nightcaps with the ogre's family; but this is only a modification of the changed nightgowns whereby Ino made Themisto kill her own children in the Minyan opening of the Jason Saga. In the Catalan story, a cupboard takes the place of the sack or game-bag. Could these ideas, thus widely diffused, have only once occurred to the human mind, and that in Asia or India?

Let us add an example from the region of the humorous, not the romantic. When precious Messrs. Moody and Sankey were in Edinburgh, the story ran that one of them addressed a working-man in the street.

"My friend," said the evangelist, "are you an awakened character?"

"No, sir; au'm a plaisterer," answered the artisan.

Now, did some one borrow this anecdote from Bonaventure des Periers (*Nouvelle*, xi.)?

"Le prestre, en après, luy va demander. 'Es-tu point glouton?'

'Nenny.' 'Es-tu point superbe?' Il disoit toujours 'Nenny.'

'Et qu'es-tu donc?' dit le prestre. 'Je suis,' dit il, 'masson, voycie ma truelle.'

He, too, was "a plaisterer."

The joke may have been current on the Indus; but, like many of Mr. Clouston's jokes and incidents, it might have occurred to any mind, anywhere, any time.

Wisely says Charles Nodier, "Les Indiens n'ont pas tout imaginé, quoi qu'en puisse dire l'Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres."

It is a manifest fallacy to urge that the "original form of a story" is the earliest literary form in which we know it, and that it arose in the country where it was first written down. These ideas inspire most of the scholars, and the camp-followers of the scholars, who would derive almost all popular tales from India, Asia, or Arabia. Mr. Clouston shows the innate feebleness of the method by admitting that the discoveries of *märchen* in Egyptian texts much older than his Indian texts may "upset some of our present theories as to the origin and diffusion of literature and science." Thus, if a tale be found in a papyrus of the twentieth dynasty, and also in a Buddhist *Jataka*, it will be inferred, we presume, that Egypt is the original home of the story, and that India borrowed from Egypt. But neither inference would be warranted. The most we could safely say would be that an earlier literary form of the tale exists in Egypt than any literary shape of it which we have discovered in India. The popular form may have existed as long before the hieroglyphic form as Cinderella existed before *Finette Cendron*, and it is not yet possible to say whence the tale originally came, nor even whether it was separately invented in one centre, once for all. If beast fables are found on papyri, that does not even raise a presumption that they were first told in Egypt, and spread with the alphabet. As Huet knew, the old Iroquois had plenty of them; men invent them wherever men believe in the ordinary early theory of human equality with or inferiority to

* *Popular Tales and Fictions.* By W. A. Clouston. London: Blackwood. 1887.

the lower animals. And how does Mr. Clouston know (c. 79) that the *Historia* referred to is of "modern Greek extraction"? In the Seillière sale was a copy, supposed to be of about 1500, already done into literary verse. If we first find the "fee-fu-fum" formula of the hungry giant in an Indian tale of Rákshasas, it does not follow that the Namaqua, the Déné Peaux-lièvres, and the Kaffirs borrowed the formula from India. The source of these things is in the human heart, not in India.

SAINTS AND MAD DOGS.*

MADNESS in the dog, as M. Gaidoz remarks, is a disease so terrible, and so mysterious, that it has lain almost outside of the province of medicine. Consequently, it is well within the domains of magic and superstition. People, as a rule, are superstitious in proportion to the obscurity, and apparent capriciousness, of the laws which regulate the matters in which they are interested. The laws of the weather are obscure; still more obscure are the habits of fishes. As a consequence, fishermen are full of fantastic beliefs; like the Scotch, who dare not mention pigs, salmon, or ministers, when they go salmon-fishing. The laws of chance, again, are ill understood; and luck at *trente et quarante* or roulette often appears to be swayed by some tricky invisible person rather than by mere fortune. Consequently, gamblers are superstitious; and, as a more important consequence, superstition rules the minds of men in relation to canine rabies.

In his interesting and thoroughly scientific study of this topic, M. Gaidoz holds up a mirror to superstitions in general, and displays all the workings of the surviving belief in magic. He has given much time and labour to his essay; he has actually visited the little town of St. Hubert in the Ardennes, where the miraculous prevention is wrought; he has seen the Holy Stole at work; he has read classical and mediæval books on mad dogs; he has perused the decrees of Councils and the decisions of doctors, as collected by Jacques de Sainte-Beuve; he has lent an ear to old wives' fables; in fact, he has done everything short of getting bitten by a mad dog himself, and trying the effects of St. Hubert's stole on an amiable sceptic. The results of his investigations he arrays with much clearness and humour, and in a perfectly scientific and historical spirit. We can hardly hope to do justice to his book by a mere *résumé*, and physicians, folklorists, and lovers of dogs will do well to procure M. Gaidoz's book for themselves.

Mad dogs, if we may attempt a summary, are known in literature as early as Homer (*Iliad*, viii. 299); if Sarameyas ever went mad in the Rig Veda we do not hear of it. Ælian says that if a stone which a dog has bitten be put in the wine at a banquet it will enrage the guests. We fancy the guests would, indeed, be "real mad," as the Americans say, if this kind of joke were played on them. As the origin of rabies was, and is, unknown, early science attributed it to a "worm," which may have been short for microbe, but more probably was only the magical worm of folk-medicine. The worm was in the tongue or the tail of the dog; hence the practice of "worming" them (*éverement* or *éveration*). The usual remedy was "a hair of the dog that bit you" reduced to ashes. Gubernatis mentions a cure in which the wound given by the dog is covered with wolf-skin, perhaps as a magical counter-irritant. Pliny has a wondrous tale of a Roman matron, mother of a Prætorian, who was advised, in a dream, to send her son the root of a dog-rose. The Guards were in Spain, where the dog-rose root reached the man just when he had been bitten by a mad dog. He was about going mad when the dog-rose reached him; he drank a decoction of it, and recovered. *Similia similibus curantur*. As elsewhere has been observed, one might as well give cowslip-tea to a man who had been gored by a bull. In Crete, M. Gaidoz says, it was usual to take mad dogs, and people bitten by mad dogs, to the Temple of Artemis at Rocca. We can hardly find all that sense in the passages adduced from Ælian (xii. 22, xiv. 20). In the former it seems to be stated that dogs went awfully mad near the temple; the second, that people bitten by dogs were taken to the temple. In the particular case mentioned by Ælian, the sufferers were treated by eating a fish provocative of thirst—so he says. M. Gaidoz supposes that Diana, a favourite goddess in Gaul, survived long in the woodlands:—

Échevelée à travers la clairière,
Diane court dans la noire forêt;

and that St. Hubert succeeded to her divine power of healing rabies. The legendary book, *Les Miracles de Saint Hubert*, was written between 1087 and 1106. From this work we learn that the first-fruits of the chase had long been offered to St. Hubert, as of old to Diana. He had long, moreover, been in the habit of curing rabies by means of a thread of gold from the sacred stole worked by the Virgin herself. The stole has been used for at least nine centuries to these benevolent ends, and the strange thing is that any of the stole is left. *C'est là le miracle!* as Joab remarks in Voltaire. The method of use is to make an incision in the forehead of the patient ("the penitent" he is called), and to insert a thread of the stole. Various practices of prayer and abstinence are then prescribed. The stole is not more inevitably successful than M. Pasteur; we do not know whether any patient has tried both St. Hubert and M. Pasteur. A very few sufferers have the bite cauterized before St. Hubert. Jacques de Sainte-Beuve (ob. 1677), in his 113 "case of conscience," calls the use of

the stole superstitious; and that was the opinion of the doctors in theology who were consulted. This was the Sainte-Beuve whom Charles Perrault's brother used to consult on theological matters, and who was wont to close his mouth with an *O altitudo!* He relished a mystery, but could not believe in the stole of St. Hubert!

TORTS.*

MR. POLLOCK'S treatise on *The Law of Torts*, together with his well-known work on *The Principles of Contract*, covers fairly exhaustively the whole field of the common law as it is administered by the judges at Nisi Prius. Like the earlier work, it is neither a digest, in the new sense of the word, nor a heterogeneous collection of all constituent scraps on the older plan, but a closely and philosophically thought out treatise in the historical method. It sets forth, in the first place, the answer which Mr. Pollock's studies have enabled him to give to the much-debated question, What is a Tort? His nearest attempt to define a tort in words is as follows:—"A tort is an act or omission giving rise, in virtue of the common law jurisdiction of the Court, to a civil remedy which is not an action of contract." The work, however, suggests that, if the author had thought it expedient to indicate in a less negative fashion what a tort is, he would have explained that it has a great deal in common with a crime. Most, if not all, crimes against persons are torts, and though the class of crimes which do not affect individuals, such as treason, blasphemy, coining, and other offences against the State or against morality, is both large and important, the vast majority of crimes which are, in fact, committed are crimes against individuals. We might, therefore, not inaccurately describe torts by saying that a tort is an offence against, or an act injurious to, some person, for which the law provides a civil remedy. This is not unlike the definition whereby a crime is declared to be an act which may by law be punished by one of the half-dozen punishments which English judges are enabled to inflict. It also harmonizes obviously with the fact that most crimes are torts, and some torts are crimes, though some crimes are not torts and many torts are not crimes. From a certain point of view it may be asserted that all torts are crimes of a lesser degree, historically speaking, and in a sense analogous to that in which it might be said that all dogs are wolves. A learned note upon the old forms of personal actions, by Mr. F. W. Maitland, printed by Mr. Pollock in an appendix, reminds us that "Trespas, it may be remembered, had but very gradually become a purely civil action; to start with, it was at least in part a criminal proceeding; so late as 1694 the defendant was, in theory, liable to fine and imprisonment." Even at the present time, in the few cases of tort in which the defendant is allowed by statute to plead the "General Issue," the words in which he does it are, "The defendant says that he is not guilty," which puts in issue everything which the plaintiff can be required to plead to make out his case, just as the same plea does every day in criminal courts.

After the preliminary disquisition upon the nature of his subject, Mr. Pollock gives a brief but lucid indication of the general principles of liability, expounding that, speaking generally, a man is liable for what he does, or for what is done, under certain circumstances, by persons standing in certain relations to him, and similarly for his or their not having done what they ought to have done, and to some extent for the consequences of such acts or omissions. Then follows a more particular inquiry as to the persons by or against whom torts may be committed. An interesting feature in this part of the work is a denunciation of the surviving applications of the doctrine expressed in the adage *actio personalis moritur cum persona*. Mr. Pollock suggests, and most persons will agree with him, that the death of a wrongdoer ought never to prevent the person wronged from getting compensation. To take a commonplace instance, it would be an obvious hardship in a case of serious libel that the libelled man should be deprived of his opportunity of clearing his character by the premature death of his assailant. The danger is hardly an imaginary one in these days of interviews and long trials. The maxim is, by the way, another example of the fundamental identity of crimes and torts. It is natural enough that a criminal prosecution should lapse when the prisoner is dead and cannot be punished. After an exhaustive account of "general exceptions" arising from acts of State, acts of necessity, inevitable accidents, and the like, and a chapter on Remedies, consisting chiefly of the distinction between nominal and substantial damages, Mr. Pollock proceeds to the enumeration of "specific wrongs." As the book is not on a gigantic scale, it follows that the discussion of the several torts known to the law is not fully detailed. The book is emphatically one to be read, and is by no means intended only for reference in practice; for which purpose indeed it will be useful as a guide to information obtainable elsewhere, rather than as a complete repository of instances in point. On the vexed question of "reasonable and probable cause" in actions for malicious prosecution, Mr. Pollock observes that the rule that the judge and not the jury decides upon whether there was reasonable and probable cause "is too well settled to be disturbed except by legislation." That may be, but it is not too well

* *The Law of Torts*. By Frederick Pollock, of Lincoln's Inn, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, Corpus Professor of Jurisprudence in the University of Oxford, &c., Author of "Principles of Contract" &c. London: Stevens & Sons. 1887.

* *La Rage et St. Hubert*. Par Henri Gaidoz. Paris: Picard. 1887.

settled to have been almost entirely whittled away by successive judicial decisions. The results of many recent cases, culminating in *Abrath v. The North-Eastern Railway Company*, is that the judge may properly leave to the jury the question whether the defendant took proper and reasonable means to inform himself of the facts and law of the case before prosecuting. It is difficult to imagine a case in which, if the jury found that the defendant did not take proper and reasonable precautions, the judge would (unless he thought the verdict manifestly wrong) hold that there was evidence of reasonable and probable cause. The rule is still invariably asserted, and gives a great deal of trouble, but practically reasonable and probable cause is a question for the jury nearly as much as malice, which, in this instance, means want of *bona fides*, or what is clumsily described as an "indirect motive." Mr. Pollock makes a sound criticism on a small point when he observes in passing that it is incorrect to say, as counsel, and even judges, too often do, that a fair comment on a subject of public interest is privileged. It is not privileged because it is not *prima facie* libellous. He also adverts with just scorn to the ineptitude of the second section of the Newspaper Libel Act, whence, as he truly says, "it appears that in the opinion of Parliament there may be meetings lawfully convened for unlawful purposes, and public meetings not open to the public, *quod mirum*." Probably the object of the draughtsman was to give newspapers a wide power of libelling by reports of public meetings; but this was happily prevented by the insertion of the clause about the "public interest," the effect of which is that the section does no harm, and makes very little difference. The recent decision in *Pankhurst v. Sowler* requires to be noted up to this passage in Mr. Pollock's book. The chapter on Libel also contains a somewhat dogmatic assertion that the Divisional Court decided wrongly when it held that where letters to A and B were accidentally put into each other's envelopes, and the letter intended for A contained defamatory matter, the publication of which to A would have been privileged, the unintentional publication to B was also privileged. The question is a nice one, because, as generally happens in cases of accident, there is hardship either way; but it was duly weighed in the Divisional Court, and the reason for suspecting their decision is not made very clear—unless it is the understanding which seems to animate Lords Justices generally, that they must reverse sometimes in order to justify their existence. Coming to the fascinating topic of nuisance, Mr. Pollock is confronted by the melancholy case of *Rickett v. The Metropolitan Railway Company*, wherein the House of Lords, in defiance, as he thinks, and as most lawyers who have occasion to go into the matter think, of the law previously laid down, held that it is not an actionable nuisance to obstruct a highway in such a manner as to divert traffic from a man's door, and so diminish the profits of his business. No doubt the case is binding on all courts below the House of Lords; but it is impossible to study the judgment of Lord Westbury, who dissented, without feeling an assurance that Lord Cranworth failed to grasp the principle upon which the various cases relied upon had been decided.

The chapter on Negligence perhaps shows Mr. Pollock at his best. It is, of course, greatly complicated by the fact that in most of the cases in which the question arises there is a question of breach of contract, as well as a question of tort, which may be raised or not, at the discretion of the plaintiff. Mr. Pollock unravels the skein with characteristic skill. He elucidates the original principle of tortious negligence, that a man who is doing something likely to injure another is bound to take some special degree of care, varying according to the degree of likelihood of injury involved. The power of judges to decide whether there is or is not "evidence of negligence" is also expounded as satisfactorily as its somewhat anomalous nature permits. The notorious case of *Slattery v. The Dublin, Wicklow, and Wexford Railway* is naturally quoted as the leading authority on the subject; and, though no one can suggest that the unfortunate *Slattery* had any one but himself to thank for his accident, no one can impugn the propriety of the law laid down by Lord Cairns. It is perhaps a pity that the judges did not see their way to setting aside the verdict as against the weight of evidence, which, as Mr. Pollock justly remarks, it obviously was. The chapter on Contributory Negligence is also valuable, though the law on this branch of the subject is now well settled and capable of being succinctly stated. Mr. Pollock is hardly fair to himself in setting out the head-note from the Law Reports (1 App. Cas.) as an account of the facts in *Radley v. L. & N.-W. R. Co.* The note is so clumsily written as to give the impression that the defendants were guilty of all the alleged negligence, both original and contributory, and that the plaintiffs had nothing to do with it at all. Naturally enough, Mr. Pollock expresses emphatic dissent from the astonishing dictum of the Master of the Rolls in *Heaven v. Pender*, whereby Lord Esher committed himself to a general proposition to the effect that whoever could, "if he did think," prevent some one else from being injured, and thoughtlessly—and *à fortiori* deliberately—omitted to do so, was liable in tort for the consequences. Lords Justices Lindley and Bowen expressed clearly enough their opinion that this hard saying, which was not essential to the decision of the case, was not law, and there can be no doubt that their view and Mr. Pollock's will prevail in the future. Mr. Pollock accepts the main decision as good law, though it is difficult to see how it is to be reconciled with what he subsequently calls the "perfectly correct decisions of the Court of Exchequer in *Winterbottom v. Wright*, and *Longmeid v. Holliday*." The Court of Appeal does not seem to have considered the rope or the staging

whereon the plaintiff suffered damage as dangerous articles in the possession of the defendant, but rather to have held that the defendant "invited" the plaintiff to use them. However, the case is good law now, and will probably remain so for some time at least.

The note on the old forms of action, by Mr. Maitland, to which we have already referred, is just such a piece of sound and scholarly work as might be expected from its author. The volume to which it is appended is in every way worthy to take its place beside the *Principles of Contract*, and will confirm the fame of the author as a graceful writer and as a learned, accurate, and at the same time philosophical lawyer.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE publications of the Old French Text Society appeal, as a rule, to a small body of specialists only, nor can it be laid down positively that even M. Meyer's (1) newly-discovered verse fragments of a life of Becket, not previously known, are of very great intrinsic interest either as history or as literature. But they are interesting first because of their source—which is not one of the many public or the few great private libraries to which such MS. are usually restricted, but a small collection belonging to a private family at Courtray. As the MS. is a mere fragment, and as the original discoverer is supposed to have got it among some salvage from the wreck of the convent libraries during the Revolution, it suggests all too forcibly how much of the same kind must have been totally lost at the same time. Again, the MS. itself, which is of the early thirteenth century, and was evidently executed in England, must have been an extraordinarily fine one, its relics being decorated with miniatures of unusual size, minuteness, and elaboration in illuminating—miniatures furnished, contrary to the general custom, with special legends or descriptive mottoes. The remaining leaves of the MS. have been carefully heliographed for this edition; and though, of course, there is the loss of colour, the design and execution are fully appreciable. This is the second occasion on which the English subscribers of the Society have been indebted to M. Meyer for the inclusion among its issues of work specially interesting to them; and it may be added that, as far as our remembrance serves us, no work published by the Society, except the great Album of "Monuments," has had such careful illustration.

The story—romantic in a mild and sober fashion—of M. Guizot making the acquaintance of his first wife when they were both contributors to the *Publiciste* is one of the minor anecdotes of journalism (2). The two volumes before us contain a selection from the articles of the pair, few of them, it would seem, if any, later than 1810. Sainte-Beuve professed no small admiration for the writings of Pauline de Meulan (as she was before her marriage), and the specimens here produced fully justify that admiration, so far at least as it was given to them in their character of journalism, not literature. There is nothing very striking in them; but there is abundance of good sense, of clear, straightforward writing, and sometimes there are signs of taste and judgment considerably in advance of the time.

We have nothing very noteworthy in the novel way to chronicle this week. M. Bergerat (3) is always welcome, for his father-in-law's sake as well as for his own, and he generally writes well and wittily. Here he is pathetic as well. Perhaps an Englishman would not have dedicated a book to his wife (once Estelle Gautier, and whom we salute with quill of swan as we write the name) as "*Fille, épouse et mère de poètes*," nor do we know the poetical works of the third generation. But whether Englishmen are any the better for abstaining from this naïf fashion of trumpet-blowing we know not. *Mariage de raison* (4) contains three stories of an amiable and virtuous character. For *Pitoufflard et Racoto* (5), it is (as something in the title will almost of itself tell the experienced) a soldier's story—a soldier's story not of to-day, but of the merrier times of the July Monarchy. M. Chrétien is an amiable chauvinist Republican, and he has had the good sense to get M. Henriot to pepper little vignettes all over his pages. A letter by M. Gondinet on *Le théâtre et le roman*, prefixed to M. Cohen's *Le Club* (6), has the rather curious *raison d'être*, or rather "*raison de non-être*," that the novel has nothing to do with the play of the same name. The truth is that these preface-epistles from more or less well-known persons, which are getting more and more the fashion in France, are also getting more and more "promiscuous." We have classed the *Souvenirs of Rose Pompon* (7) with novels because we really do not see any guarantee that they are not. Fiction or fact, we do not find them particularly amusing. Of the two little books in MM. Tresse & Stock's "Blue" series, *Ohé l'artiste!* (8) is a well-executed, if slightly hackneyed, treatment of an old theme—the country prodigy who wishes to be a genius and has no faculty

(1) *Fragments d'une vie de Saint Thomas de Cantorbéry*. Par Paul Meyer. Paris: Didot.

(2) *Le temps passé. Mélanges par M. et Mme. Guizot*. Paris: Perrin.

(3) *Le petit Moreau*. Par E. Bergerat. Paris: Ollendorff.

(4) *Mariage de raison*. Par Gérard. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(5) *Pitoufflard et Racoto*. Par Ch. Chrétien. Paris: Ollendorff.

(6) *Le Club*. Par Félix Cohen. Paris: Ollendorff.

(7) *Les souvenirs de Rose Pompon*. Par R. Pompon. Paris: Ollendorff.

(8) *Ohé l'artiste!* Par H. Beauclair. Paris: Tresse et Stock.

of taking pains. M. Paul Adam's new attempt (9) has the merits and defects of *Le thé chez Miranda*. It is very well, though very conceitedly written; but the manner and the subject—the gradual brutification by drink of a country squire—are both of the preposterous order. Lastly, we have a fresh translated novel of Count Tolstoi's (10). As it must be, we think, two or three weeks since we had the last, this is not surprising.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THE good people who sit at home and criticize mission work with easy confidence may learn much that will profit them from *Modern Hinduism* (Fisher Unwin). This book treats of the various aspects of Hindoo life and religion in Northern India. The author, Mr. W. J. Wilkins, of the London Missionary Society, has made excellent use of recent literature on the subject, in combination with the valuable results of his own observation and study. He writes in a liberal and comprehensive spirit, and, though he does not let us forget his calling, he is intent on higher objects than merely to demonstrate the arduous task undertaken by the missionary in India. Much light has been thrown on the very complex subject of this volume since Scott, with little but the works of Sir William Jones at hand, described the Hindoo mythology as the most gigantic, cumbrous, and extravagant of religious systems. When De Quincey in his dream fled from the wrath of Brahma through all the forests of Asia, and spoke of the hate of Vishnu and the ambushade of Siva, he personified the typical Hindoo of Western conception, unaware of the sectarian character of the Purāṇas. To speak of the numerous sects of Hinduism, with their diverse rituals and their curious tendency to diverge in faith and in practice, as a homogeneous system of religion is of course wholly inaccurate. There is, however, in the significant practice of the Hindoo's religion ample justification for the title-phrase and scheme of the present volume. To the Hindoo, whatever be his creed or sect, life and religion are indissolubly one. "Religion," says Mr. Wilkins, "is not a thing for times and seasons only; it professes to regulate his life in all its many relations." From birth to death the Hindoo is involved in a continuous routine of observances, and after death he becomes the object of the ceremonial piety of generations of dutiful descendants. Mr. Wilkins illustrates this truth in some extremely vivid chapters that set forth the round of life and of religious rites, together with the practical outcome of the Hindoo's absorbing faith. Another interesting feature of the book is the descriptive account of the Vaishnava sects, the Saivites, the Saktas, the Jains, the various classes of ascetics, and the more modern deistic developments. The careers of some of the fifteenth-century reformers among the Vaishnavas and Saivites are scarcely less suggestive than that of Gotama Buddha. Chief among them are Kabir, who is claimed by Hindoo and Mussulman alike; Sankara, the commentator of the *Bhāgavata Gita*, and Chaitanya, a Brahman of Nadiya, and a reformer of the boldest type, who marched through the streets of his native town with a band of music like a Salvationist, became an ascetic with an immense following, and was worshipped as an incarnation of Krishna and Rādhā. The lives of such revivalists are among the most striking phenomena of the history of religion in India. Their creeds are the lofty protests of earnest reformers against the grosser superstitions of the populace. In every case the same fate awaited them. Their spiritual teaching became by the lapse of time materialized by the baser sort, till the light of interpretation was altogether obscured by the mystical or coarser glosses of a multitude of devout followers.

Mr. H. Mortimer-Franklyn is an enthusiastic advocate of Imperial Federation and the Imperial Institute. It is as a staunch supporter of the Institute that he has written *The Unit of Imperial Federation* (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.). From having been a diligent observer of the early dawn of Australian Federation, and its progress towards the larger Imperial movement of to-day, he has come to regard the Imperial Institute as the solution of a great political problem. It will represent, in fact, the unit of Imperial Federation by becoming the arena of the Imperial Council of the Empire, where Indian and Colonial delegates, with their English colleagues, will discuss high matters of Imperial interest, and promote the solidarity of the Empire, without impairing the functions of the Houses of Lords and Commons. The author writes with great force and conviction in support of this thesis, though his sanguine spirit makes light of some obvious difficulties and leads him to ignore others. Much of what he advances on the main question—the demand for some such unit of Federation as the scheme of the Institute offers—is convincingly put, and his general survey of the Federation movement in the Colonies is suggestive and thoughtful.

The March number of *Murray's Magazine* contains some interesting and sensational articles. In a third instalment of "Byronians" we have a lively and prophetic song on the radical proclivities of John Cam Hobhouse, and a rather savage and very characteristic letter on Southey and Isaac D'Israeli. "A Terrible Night," by André Hope, is a graphic recital of adventure, told with such actuality and concentrated power that its incredible revelations are impressed on

the reader's mind with indelible effect. The sketch is professedly a true narration as to the facts, names and locality only being fictitious. It presents a ghastly picture of the horrible tyranny, the haunted and desperate lives, the revolting disciplines of torture, to which Nihilists are subjected by their leaders, and the obligations of their vows. In the weird description of the scene in the Hall of Torture, witnessed by the respectable English maiden lady who is the narrator of "A Terrible Night," the mingling of the horrible and the grotesque is extremely thrilling. Never were unwilling travellers victims of a more fantastic or a madder freak of destiny than this invalid lady and her unhappy maid.

The Philosophy of Wealth (Boston: Ginn) is an attempt to reformulate economic principles, especially such as determine the old theories of value and wealth-distribution. Mr. John B. Clark, the author, thinks that the former "started with a misconception of utility," and the latter was "vitiated by a degraded conception of human nature." No student of Ricardo and the older economists will deny that poor human nature plays a mean part in the calculations of these writers, and there is truth in Mr. Clark's remark—"the man of the scientific formula was more mechanical and more selfish than the man of the actual world." The old hard-headed fathers of the science knew the danger of introducing sentiment into their formularies, and forbore to elevate their conception of the individual, being fearful of the Utopia that would evolve from too lofty an estimate of the aggregate of humanity. Like the Lincolnshire farmer who thought the poor in a lump were bad, they measured mankind in the mass, as gregarious by instinct and mechanical by nature.

The anonymous author of *Through the Gates of Gold* (Ward & Downey) has done well to style a suggestive though unsatisfactory essay on self-culture and spiritual development "a fragment of thought." Amid much that is crude and irritating we have flashes of insight into "worlds not realized," glimpses into the ideal world and the far heights of aspiration, beyond the golden gates where "Plato, Shakspeare, and a few other strong ones have gone through." That all pleasures, however intellectual, pall through the familiarity of use is the somewhat pessimistic creed of the writer; and among other hard sayings he affirms "It is as easy to become a gourmand in pure living and high thinking as in the pleasures of taste, or sight, or sound." There is, however, substantial truth in his contention that men of genius are too easily content with the intellectual heights they conquer, and minimize their efforts by persisting in a groove of iteration till their work is like the burden of an old song.

There is indisputable freshness of lyrical impulse in not a few of the shorter poems in *New Songs and Ballads*, by Nora Perry (Boston: Ticknor); and some of the patriotic lays, such as the ballad "Abraham Lincoln's Christmas Gift," are among the most spirited of a class of poems already distinguished by many admirable examples.

In *A Choral Ode to Liberty* (Reeves & Turner), Mr. Eric Mackay commemorates the Bartholdy statue, of whose giant bulk he says many pretty things in mellifluous stanzas. What the Rhodian Colossus was like we know not; but Mr. Mackay is confident that the "new-born Tellus" of Sandy Hook is far superior:—

Not the majestic thing that years ago
O'ershadowed Rhodes, and not the sculptured snow
Of ten times ten white statues can compare
With this thy semblance on the seaward air.

Rama: a Sensational Story of Indian Village Life, by Colonel Barras (Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.), is professedly founded on the genuine observations of the author. Without this admission, the powerful descriptions in the narrative and the strong actuality that pervades the incidents might readily persuade the reader of the truth of the story.

Mr. Harry Furniss finds sympathetic material for his whimsical humour in the new and revised edition of Mr. A. W. A. Beckett's *Comic Blackstone* (Bradbury, Agnew, & Co.). The coloured plates are extremely diverting, and yet more happy is the artist's emblematic satire in the design that heads the first chapter—"The absolute rights of the individual as expressed by the litigant."

We have received Mr. W. H. White's lecture *Modern Warships* (Clowes & Sons); *A Letter on Poor-law Administration*, by Louisa Twining (Ridgway); Sir J. Fyrrer's *Rules regarding Defects of Vision which Disqualify Candidates for the Indian Government Service* (J. & A. Churchill); *Whims and Fantasies*, by "Emeritus" (Remington & Co.); *Snowdon out of Season* (E. W. Allen); and the seventh issue for the current year of the *Anuario Biográfico de la República Argentina* (Buenos Aires: M. Biedma).

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications: and to this rule we can make no exception.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

The ADVERTISEMENT DEPARTMENT has been REMOVED from 38 to 33 Southampton Street. All communications respecting ADVERTISEMENTS should therefore be addressed to MR. JOHN HART, 33 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

(9) *La grève*. Par Paul Adam. Paris: Tresee et Stock.
(10) *Pouchoukha*. Par Léon Tolstoi. Paris: Perrin.